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THE PELICAN:

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. 1. JANUARY, 1874. Vol. I.

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A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE,

Advocating the Social and Educational Progress of Woman.

EDITED BY RICHARD KING, JUN.

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VOX PELICANI.

(Sicut in Principio.)

WE are apt by poetic license to invest the lower animal with characteristics, founded perhaps on some rudimentary attribute, but differing widely from his present actual condition, and it is sometimes hard for us afterwards to separate the real from the ideal. How difficult it is for us to think of the lion as other than the generous beast of fable, or of the fox as other than the crafty and clever, but cheerful and companionable Reynard!

Now, we do not deal with the Pelican of natural history but with the symbolic Pelican of religion and heraldry. The Pelican feeding her young, even by plucking the life-blood from her own breast, Emblem of Sacrifice, Emblem of Woman, who if she be true woman, will ever sacrifice herself without limit in maternal devotion, and we avowing ourselves an organ of the woman's movement, can take no fitter title than

THE PELICAN.

We hope much for the world's future in the dawning of justice to the woman, and in that equality of right and power with the man, which is slowly but surely coming to her, for she has been trained to sacrifice from the earliest days. Who *would rule aright* must first learn to serve aright, and her *long servitude* and tutelage cannot have been lost upon her.

Without sacrifice there can be no true love or sympathy, and she who has learnt best to sacrifice, will best know how to teach the world true love and sympathy, and so bring in the time of the unity of all men.

Sacrifice has been taught to man from the earliest times and by almost every form of faith, speaking dimly through the ages, till at length it spoke audibly, culminating in the Great Sacrifice. Some are hinting that this doctrine of sacrifice, if ever it had a meaning had best now pass away, that Christianity has done its work and had its day, and now should be swept away, with other detritus of the past to make way for the building of some new edifice. What? Done its work? Its true work may hardly be said to have yet begun.

For eighteen hundred years and more Christianity has been preached, and nearly all over the known world. It has been professed by nations, had its votaries, saints, and martyrs, but those who have truly lived by it, have been the few and not the many, and it cannot yet be said to be the basis of national or international law.

Paganism, Mahommedanism, and nearly all the *isms* the world has ever known, have where they prevailed, secured individual and national obedience; they were of their age, of the earth and earthly, but the heaven-given faith of the Cross is ever above and beyond the age, and though heaven and earth may pass away, its words will not pass away. See what a world of unity could be brought about by a true understanding and taking to heart of the doctrine of sacrifice. Shall we be ever ready to cry aloud our thought, and lay our finger on our brother's lips? Rather let us sacrifice, never our faith, never our principle, which are something above and beyond us, but something of their surroundings, something of our self. Let us sacrifice first our egotism, then our love of antagonism; let us lay down our early prejudice and preconceived idea, and then let us see if we cannot clasp our brother's hand on some basis of common faith and understanding.

It is sorrowful to note how all sense of the beauty of sacrifice has been forgotten, even by good and staunch

workers in the cause of freedom and progress, and especially of woman's freedom and progress. The opinion of their late lamented prime advocate, that where the woman is superior in capacity to the man, it is she who should rule the house, has raised a hornet's nest of contention, on the assumption that man and woman are to be for ever fighting for supremacy, which he holds by virtue of ancient right, and which she is now disputing. Amidst all this, what has become of the law of Christian marriage, and how could this striving for the mastery be likely with those who were truly no more twain but one flesh, in union based on mutual sacrifice, and in which the talents and capacities of each were looked on as treasure for their common good?

It is sorrowful too, to note how the progress of woman is barred by those, who of all others should be the aiders, not the hinderers. There are Christians of various denominations who deem the woman's movement unscriptural, and they quote how from the beginning woman was created the help meet for man. But help does not necessarily imply inferiority. The helper may evidently be either above or below the helped. The helper simply has that to give to the helped which the helper has, and the helped has not. They quote also the counsels of the Apostles to the wife, and seek thence to establish in the wife an eternal duty of subjection, which it is evident was the Apostolic counsel for the time only, and under her then conditions. A like counsel it is to be observed was enjoined by the Apostles in every relationship of life. The subject is enjoined obedience to the king—the slave to the master; yet who ever dreamed of quoting such counsels in favour of the perpetuity of slavery? The gospel simply took the world, its government and relationships, as the world then stood, and excepting what might involve departure from the faith and divine law, which were always to be paramount, simply bid its votaries to strictly observe morality, that is, to conform themselves to the *mores* or manners of the time.

Has not the Apostle also said, "In Christ is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female;" and will our opponents remark on world progression under this remarkable

Apostolic announcement, and note how first broke down the barrier between Jew and Gentile, how next in world history the slave became the freed man, and how now in the fulness of time, the last create, and therefore the last to develop,—The Woman—is awaiting her enfranchisement.

Here we pause to remark on noteworthy phenomena of the 19th century—

The Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, in a series of discourses, on what he considers the errors of Rome, states in reference to the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, that—"In moving in this direction, the Pope it cannot be denied "has been representing the general tendency of the more "religious portion of the Church, of which he is the head. "The Cultus or worship of Mary has been advanced I believe "to a higher pitch in the popular theology and hymns and "other devotions of the Church of Rome during the last "twenty years than in any preceding period."*

Even Catholics will allow the justice of his remark, for although they hold that this dogma existed in the Church from the first, its production and full development has been reserved for these later days; and it is a remarkable sign of the times, that whilst the undogmatic world in Europe and America are setting forth the claim of the woman to intellectual perfectibility, the whole of the Catholic world are in that dogma, setting forth in the portraiture of their second Eve, their ideal and model for all women, the perfection of her moral nature, her perfect and immaculate purity and virtue. May not this be a warning voice, lest the woman should lose her way? May it not be telling her never so to lower her aspirations, as to aim at sharing with man the lax standard of morality by which he has lived? Never let her deem such license privilege, but remember that descent is not her path, but her road lies upwards and onwards, and it is given to her with strong and loving hand, to lead upwards and onwards him whom she is sent to help.

* *The Church of* England and the Church of Rome. By the Rev. J. *Llewelyn Davies. Page 61.*

There are a class of objectors who say, when the woman is become the bread-earner, or can take part in public life, What is to become of domestic life? What is to become of the family? Unreal as the objection seems to us, we believe it is viewed as very real by the objectors, and we will try not to silence, but to convince even these. If the School Board does its work, the condition of the household will be immensely changed. The next generation of servants by the higher cultivation they have received, will be fitted to act without, and will probably not be disposed to submit to, the constant supervision and restraint which is now the main and necessary work of the wife.

It may be remarked that the vast distinction in kind of work now existing between man and woman, is mainly confined to the upper and to the lowest grades. In retail trade it is common for the wife to share in her husband's work, sometimes cashier and accountant, and sometimes at the counter, she lives with her husband, his daily life, and is ever ready and capable of filling up the gap of his absence or ill health, and without a doubt, it is in this class that the greatest domestic fidelity and union are to be found. It can never be proved that there is in any kind of work, office, knowledge or study, anything in itself essentially either masculine or feminine. In different times and in different countries, it is known that man's and woman's work is varied and transversed, and the only real rule to be arrived at in justice to the community is, that each should do what it has been fairly proved each can do best.

Woman has been hitherto excluded, and properly so, from professions, offices, and appointments, that by custom have come to be considered for man only, simply because those professions, offices, and appointments, demanded a particular kind of education, and a practical knowledge of the world, hitherto denied to woman; but it never can be proved that she has not as full and as good a right as man to such kind of knowledge and education, and when she has obtained it, her disabilities for such professions, offices, and appointments, will have ceased.

It has been the custom from the earliest ages, in most countries where hereditary succession has prevailed, to admit

the woman to the supreme power, and it has never been contended that she showed herself less fitted for that power than man, and in the history of our own country, have the Queens held the sceptre less firmly, or to worse purpose than the Kings?

Have our objectors considered the case of women who do not, or seek not to marry, together with their present helpless and dependent position? And has it ever occurred to those who say, "What will become of the family?" that daily and hourly whole families in educated and even high position, are cast into penury or utter destitution by the failure, imprudence, illness, or death of the head, because according to present custom, that head is, and can be, the only bread-earner.

May we not predict that in the future times, the women who have received the highest culture of which womanhood is capable, will have learnt amongst other things to regard marriage itself, with its high and solemn privilege of motherhood, as an office, and that a very holy one, and to be undertaken with due reverence, and not as now too often for the gratification of a fancy, or the hope of maintenance or position, and that such women choosing marriage, may or may not seek other office, according to family circumstance and the necessities of the case?

The oneness and equality of mankind were plainly set forth from the beginning—"In the image of God created He him, male and female created He them, and made the woman a help meet for the man."

Does it not raise the veil? giving us a glimpse of Eden come again, to dream of the time, when man at length shall know how woman has served and suffered, and fought and striven hard, till she has become that which from the beginning she was proclaimed to be, a Help, truly Meet for him.

Of that time, our laureate says—

"Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.
May these things be!"* A. K.

* "Princess." Tennyson.

THE TWO INTESTACIES.

I AM now a Patriarch. Threescore years and ten have passed by since I was born, and during those many years I have known a great number of persons. The incidents of their lives would in many cases be of no particular interest, and I have no occasion at present to refer to those of some others. I think that the circumstances which attended the lives of two of my friends, may illustrate the general purport of your undertaking, and I will therefore shortly detail them.

When I was at college I formed an acquaintance, which ripened into strict friendship, with a young man named Hugh Singleton. He was in the year below me, so that I was his senior by a year in college, but our ages were nearly equal. His father was a merchant in London, I believe in the Tea trade, and he resided at Walthamstow. This suburb was at that time a somewhat quiet, green and well wooded place, which contained many respectable and comfortable residences of the well-to-do merchants and tradesmen of the city, and here Hugh had spent all his youthful days. He was educated at one of the private schools in the neighbourhood, which provided the education for the youth of London before the public schools were so much opened, and the new system of teaching had been established. He came therefore to college fairly instructed, but he was not a great scholar, nor distinguished by any remarkable talents.

He was quiet in his manners, amiable in his conduct, and very studious. As he was an only child his father supplied him with a good allowance, but nothing in excess. He lived therefore in comfort, made a few friends, but ran into no extravagance. In due course he passed his examinations, and took his degree as a Senior Optime. His disposition being serious, his inclination led him to adopt the Church as his profession, and he accordingly studied for orders, and having passed a very creditable examination, was ordained by the Bishop of Chichester, and obtained a curacy in a

small parish in Sussex. I forget the name of it. He remained there about two years and then removed to a larger parish, named Shortwich, in Wiltshire. This was a Rectory, and the Rector's name was, I believe, Dr. Armstrong, and Hugh, as his curate, had to render a great deal of service, though the duties of the clergy in those days were very less urgent and active than at present.

The Rector's income was by no means large, though the living was considered to be a good one, and his allowance to Hugh his curate was very moderate. Hence he was obliged to be assisted by his father, who supplied him with some moderate means, so that he was able to live in a respectable manner as a single man.

The Rector had four daughters, one of whom, named Emily, was three years younger than Hugh, and as a natural, I had almost said a necessary consequence, a liking and an affection grew up between them, which ripened into an engagement, to which her father gave his consent.

But the income which Hugh possessed was not such as to justify him in entering into marriage. Hugh's father declined to increase his allowance to his son, and he could not bring himself to leave the parish where his affianced lady resided. He remained there for about five years, when his father died, and after the settlement of all the affairs, the property was found to be much less than had been expected, and he became possessed of the sum of £7000 only.

With this sum his prospects were changed. He immediately laid out £2000 in the purchase of the next presentation to a living in Devonshire, and considered that he could now marry according to his engagement. As the vacancy did not occur for some time, he continued to be curate to his father-in-law. But the incumbent of the living at length died, or was promoted, I do not remember which of the two happened, and Hugh came into possession. He removed to the parsonage, and took with him a sickly babe which soon died. He settled down as a country vicar and became an object of great respect on the part of the gentry of his neighbourhood, and of much affectionate regard on the part of the poor. A little

girl was born, and grew up to the age of three years, when she was unfortunately taken to a cottage in the village where there was a woman sick with scarlet fever. She caught the infection, and in a few days sunk under it. This was a severe affliction to my poor friend, and I think he never entirely recovered from it.

Shortly afterwards, Dr. Armstrong died, and, as only one of his daughters had married, he left the principal part of his property to his three maiden daughters, and only £500 to Emily. He left it to her absolutely, and therefore this sum was paid over to Hugh, who was entitled to it as her husband, and he added it to the amount of his own investment. He continued in the careful discharge of his duties for about six years, when one evening in the depth of winter an alarm of fire was given, and he rushed out of his house to render succour. He found that a row of cottages was on fire, and his poor parishioners were in great distress, their goods were being burnt, and a child was missing. It was supposed to be in a room which they had not reached, and Hugh placed a ladder against the window, attempting to open it when the wall gave way. He was thrown down, the burning mass fell upon him, and he was crushed to death.

The grief of all present was excessive, and his poor wife, struck with the sudden blow, was prematurely confined of a dead infant.

After a short time, it became necessary to examine the state of his affairs. Search was made for a will, but none was found. In his desk, however, there was a paper in which he had written some memoranda expressive of his intention to make his will after the termination of his wife's confinement.

It thus appeared that he had died intestate, and his widow was required to administer to the estate. She found that the property which he had retained after the purchase of the living, was considerably diminished. He had laid out money in building a school. He had been surety for a collector of the parish rates, who became a defaulter, and he had had to make good his deficiencies. He had engaged with a friend in some publications which had not proved a pecuniary success,

and had, therefore, to bear some losses. There was also something to be paid for dilapidations.

It was found, therefore, that the whole of his property when realized, including the money received from his wife, would not exceed £4000.

But his widow was not entitled to this sum. The law gave her one half of the amount only, the other was appropriated to his next of kin.

Now, he had had an uncle who carried on business in London in some retail trade, and accumulated a sum of £40,000, which at his death he left to his only child, who was a daughter. She was Hugh's cousin, and consequently, at the time of his death, was his next of kin, and as such she was entitled to the other moiety. Of course she received it, and the poor widow was left deprived of her husband, of her comfortable home, and reduced to the small pittance which the law, in its wisdom, allowed her to receive.

This was one case of intestacy.

I will now relate the other. In the chambers where I studied for the bar, there was a fellow-student, named John Wagstaffe. He was a handsome, joyous young man, full of spirit and of fun. His father had been an attorney, but was dead, having left him an income of £300 a year. He had been at Oxford, where, however, he did not take any trouble to distinguish himself, but obtained a common degree with credit. I learnt that he was there most popular, not riotous, nor running into acts of discredit, but ready to take part in all affairs of open, hearty sport and manliness. The same spirit attended him in chambers. He was liked by all his colleagues and was regretted when he left.

He was not given to deep reading and did not seek to make himself a learned lawyer, but he was quick, sharp, and shrewd. He was full of ready speech, and indeed was sometimes almost eloquent. It was obvious that he would soon do well at the bar, if he could obtain a good start in his profession. This might be expected. His father, as I stated, had been an attorney, his brother had succeeded to his father's business, and he had an uncle who was partner in a

well established firm in one of the country towns where there is a considerable amount of trade.

He adopted the Common Law Bar, and went on Circuit, the name of which need not be mentioned. His connections speedily brought him business. His quickness, fluency, and knowledge of life came rapidly into play, and he soon made a position for himself, though his competitors were able to point out his deficiencies as regarded the learning of his profession.

When in London he went out much into society, his company, owing to his agreeable manners, being greatly in request. Of course, he met many a fair face that offered a heart that need not have been despised by an anchorite. But though very susceptible, he was very prudent, and reserved his affection until he was assured that he could bestow it upon the proper object.

He had been five years at the bar, and had turned his £300 into £700, when he found himself most deeply affected by the agreeable manner and the winning amiability of a young lady to whom he had been introduced at the house of a friend of his brother.

She was not particularly handsome. Indeed, I thought her rather plain, but she possessed one special charm which captivated my friend. She had £30,000 of her own. Her father had been in trade, and died soon after she was twenty-one, leaving that sum to her as his only child. Her mother had died while she was young.

Jack, for such was his general name, being thus captivated, used his customary influence with the young lady, easily convinced her of his devoted affection, and obtained her hand.

He was scrupulous to have her fortune duly settled upon her, so that they should have the life interest successively, but that she should dispose of the principal by her will.

After their marriage, he established himself in a good house, proceeded with additional success in his profession, and in due course, was blessed with a family of five children. Every thing seemed prosperous, when suddenly Mrs. Wagstaffe, who had grown to be a very stout lady, was seized with a fit of apoplexy and died in a few hours.

Of course, as she had been unprepared for such an event, and had not reached an advanced age, being only forty-two when her death occurred, she had made no will, and died intestate.

Her property was all personal and her husband, according to the rules of the law, became entitled to the whole of it.

I do not complain of this decision. It is true that Jack might marry again, and apply part of the money of his first wife towards the maintenance of the second wife and her children, and so far might diminish the portions of his first family. But this was not the case. He did marry again, but his second wife was a mature lady, who had her own jointure but no family.

This was the other case of intestacy, and I have often compared the two cases.

The poor widow took, on her husband's intestacy, only half of his property, and the residue went to a rich cousin, while the rich barrister on his wife's intestacy received the whole of her property, and her children succeeded to none.

When women obtain their full rights, doubtless the law will be altered, and they will cause the proper equality to be established in cases of intestacy between man and wife.

M. T.
(One of Her Majesty's Counsel.)

THE LIGHT OF DAY.

O LIGHT of Day, arise; rise o'er the earth all cold,
O gild the winding streams,
And with thy rosy beams,
The drear grey land enfold.

The Light of Day will rise, though long the weary night,
And fall in golden showers,
To wake the sleeping flowers,
Bestrew'd with dew-drops bright.

O Light of Faith, arise! rise in my sad lone heart,
Let Faith's consoling light
Dispel my soul's dark night,
And bid its fears depart.

The Light of Faith will rise, though long thy soul's dark hour,
And with its warming ray,
Will dry thy tears away,
Await in Faith its power.

AUGUSTINE KING.

THE SILVER TEAPOT.

I CANNOT tell how old I am, but I know that I once belonged to an ancient and honourable family, upon whose fair name, through a long line of ancestors no stain had rested, and long before electroplate, or railways, cabs or omnibuses existed; long before the use of gas was known, or lucifer matches were invented—when the old tinder box did their office. I will not pretend to affirm that people were happier in those days than they are now, but they were more domesticated, led more regular lives, eat better food, and were healthier than now-a-days. They certainly drank better tea. I scorn the painted stuff they put into one now, and when I hear my present owners say, "what a nice cup of tea the teapot makes," I only wish they could taste what I used to make in by-gone years. Well, it is useless grumbling, so I will tell my story.

I remember one day an unusual bustle in the house, and one of the servants conveying me empty to an apartment and placing me, very disrespectfully, on a table amongst other equally beautiful, but more modern pieces of plate, and a quantity of elegant jewellery, rich silk dresses, and point lace, and numberless things fit for the trosseau of a bride filled the room. I had heard that the Lady Gwendoline, the only daughter of the noble owner of the mansion, was shortly to be married to one who was her equal in rank and fortune, but in nothing else. People came and went, and looked at me and the other things, and new articles were daily added. I noticed that some of the young lady's friends sighed, and once I heard her aunt Mabel whisper to an old friend, "I wish the wedding day were over." On the eve of that same day the bride-elect glided into the room when no one was there. She looked deadly pale, and taking me in her hand, she said, in a low voice, "Dear mother! how often

have your dear hands touched it, and it was the gift of the only real friend you ever had. It seems foolish to take it with me after all, but I do not like to leave it behind me. And yet it will but remind me of the happiness that is gone for ever."

The wedding day came, and I was packed up in readiness to be sent to my new home, I was surprised, however, to find myself suddenly put back in my old place in the pantry cupboard. Now and then I heard something said by the servants which accounted for this alteration. The Lady Gwendoline had evidently been taken very ill, and her marriage was postponed. In a few weeks I was taken up to her room filled with delicious tea. She lay on a couch, and aunt Mabel sat by her side. She looked very like an angel, in her white dressing-robe—very like her sainted mother. I believe aunt Mabel thought so too, as she handed her a cup of tea, trying to say cheerfully, "I am glad you can take your favourite beverage again, dear." The old doctor thought so, and *said* so to the old housekeeper, as he sipped a cup of tea one evening before he left the house, adding, "She will go off like her mother, just like the snuff of a candle, and her father will not believe it." But nobody told *her* that she was soon going to the "bourne from whence no traveller returns." No one helped her to prepare to die. One evening I heard the scullery-maid praying for her as she cleaned the saucepans. It seemed to me rather presumptuous, and I heard her say, that if she were her nurse, she must tell her of her danger. One evening I was taken up stairs as usual. The Lady Gwendoline looked better, aunt Mabel was in good spirits, and she had been reading an amusing book to her niece. Suddenly aunt Mabel rose from her seat, a faint cry escaped her lips, and she sank on her knees beside the *dead*, I was hurried away to the pantry, and left there until the next morning. In the dead of night I heard my noble owner pass softly up stairs (I knew his step) to his daughter's room; *he stayed there* till daylight dawned. Everybody said he had *broken his daughter's* heart. It was the same old story, aunt *Mabel's story* was just the same (I heard it long years after-

wards, perhaps I may tell it some day), only aunt Mabel had a strong mind, and a strong constitution, and she lived on through the same sorrow that laid the Lady Gwendoline in an early grave.

I cannot tell how long I remained utterly neglected in the plate cupboard. It all seemed like a dream. Nobody liked to look at me; I reminded them of the dead: and the Lady Gwendoline had been beloved by all the servants, for she had been a kind and gentle mistress, like her mother. Her father did not like to sell me or give me away, so there is no telling how long I might have been left in the cupboard if an unforeseen event had not changed the monotonous current of my existence. F. L.

(To be continued.)

In Memoriam.

J ust as the Sun's red orb, ere mounting higher,
O 'er the bright waves held out his Crown of Fire;
H is spangled beams fell down like golden rain,
N ear one—that ne'er would see his Light again.

B eyond those Clouds of Glory far extending,
A cross the line where sea with sky is blending;
L ies that fair Paradise, whose fadeless flowers,
S eem rescued all from this lost world of ours;
I n one sad home was heard the sound of weeping,
R eclining there laid one, that calmly sleeping,

C ould no more hear the words that love or prayer,
H ad drawn from watchers kneeling by him there.
A silent Messenger had given the last sad token—
T *he Harp-string snapped—its silver cord left broken—*
T he cold hands stilled, whose heavenly music here
E ven drew down listening seraphs from their sphere,
R eady to lead to never-ending bliss.
T he soul set free from a dark world like this.
O Angels, guard his harp, with folded wings—
N o hand like his, can wake its silent strings.

GWYNETH ALWYN.

RETRIBUTION.

'TWAS late in August one Summer night, when not a breath was stirring, and the air felt sultry as in June that a schooner yacht lay at anchor in the Roadstead; by the light of a small lantern slung from the starboard bow, could be discerned her name in gilded letters and also that of her owner painted underneath, astern,—"ENCHANTRESS"—"Oswald Streather, Ryde." The moon was at the full, and the myriad stars at varied distances reflected on the surface of the water, sparkled like tiny diamonds a fathom deep. A large full-rigged Prussian frigate stood close-reefed further off, and three colliers, one from Sunderland and the other two from Newcastle-on-Tyne, were close in shore, their huge black hulls casting long dark shadows across the sands to the right of the Island. Many lights gleamed all along the rows of houses and terraces fronting the sea, for there had been a Regatta, terminating in a Ball, and the unexpected influx of visitors going and returning caused an unusual stir and excitement in that generally quiet town. The drawing-room windows of the Yacht Club were thrown wide up, while a blaze of softened brilliancy from numberless tapers concealed amid folds of crimson and white drapery, festooned with garlands of the richest flowers of every shade and hue, revealed couple after couple whirling in endless succession, to the soul-stirring strains of the Band playing Strauss's "Ammeretten Tanzer" Waltzes, which echoed far and wide, and could be heard stealing over the waves nearly half-way across to the opposite shore. Oswald Streather had come off from the yacht somewhat early in the evening, after giving the crew permission to go ashore leaving one of their number in charge of the vessel, with a small cabin boy to assist him in case of need, that one being Henry Rankin, a very good quiet steady sailor whom he could safely trust. The rest dispersed themselves among

others that stood loitering about in knots and groups outside the bar-rooms of the nearest taverns and hotels, listening to any gossip or news they could pick up, while at intervals they strolled up and down watching, with some interest the arrivals and departures from the Ball.

"Come on, Dick, we can't see nothin' this way about," said Leonard Arkwright, a tall carpenter, six feet high, gifted with sharp rat-like features, and a very hungry aspect. "I vote we just go forward, opposite them 'ere windows, for I want a nearer sight of the fine folks up yonder."

"All right, I'm of your mind," said Dick Aston, an old withered tar with grey whiskers and a shrivelled skin like yellow parchment. "It 'll do no sort o' harm if it do no good, and maybe we'll be like to get a sight of our young master."

"He's a rare un', he is, and no mistake!" said Sam Cowley, the steward, a red-faced sailor in light blue jacket with white trousers, having a slight scowling expression with a stubborn and rather dogged look about his mouth and chin.

"Halloa, there! you just keep a quiet tongue in your head, will ye? or it 'll be the worse for ye, as sure as your name is Sam," cried Miles Kennedy, a very fresh-coloured looking sailor, with dark eyes and good features, combined with an honest, open, broad countenance. His wife rented a small house which she let out in lodgings at the back of the Town, up a small turning leading out of the High Street.

"Oh! you're here, are ye?" cried they all. "How is old Bill to-night."

"Is he gone to roost yet?" enquired Dick Aston, "I know as he lays by pretty early."

"Well, ye see," replied Miles Kennedy, "he ain't what he was time back, he's seen a fine deal of trouble with that poor gal what he took charge of. She was an orphan, and has been to him like as if 'twere his own daughter, but she'll not trouble him much longer, I take it, for my wife tells me from what the Doctor says, that they don't think she'll last long."

"Poor soul," said Dick in an undertone as he brushed his eye with his coat-sleeve.

"There's some yonder as has much to answer for," chimed in Sam Cowley, as he jerked his thumb over his shoulder and pointed up to the balcony which overlooked the crowd below, in the midst of which they were then standing.

"Nobody asked your opinion," sharply retorted Miles Kennedy with a sneer.

At this moment a burst of light merriment caused them to look up. A fair face of dazzling beauty, half hidden by the striped muslin hangings which shaded the window from the outer air, was looking down, all smiles, and flushed with the excitement of the dance, while her companions were ruthlessly pelting her with flowers. By her side stood Oswald Streather, with looks of earnest entreaty as if he were vainly persuading her to resume her place in the dance.

"Esther, Esther," cried a female voice from some rather meddlesome chaperon in the background, "I really can't allow you to hide yourself any longer, here's Mr. Harding waiting for an introduction, let me present him to you for the next dance;" she rose instantly and was preparing to go, when she chanced to look at Oswald. A glance of rage and disappointment overspread his countenance as he stepped aside to let her pass; her scarf catching in the ironwork of the balcony detained them a moment, and while extricating her Roger Harding exclaimed, "How are you, Oswald? It's years since I've seen you?" Then turning to Oswald, he held out his hand, his face beaming with pleasure at the unexpected meeting. Oswald hesitated a moment and pretending he did not hear, turned coldly away. Suddenly a confusion of voices from below, and a hurry of footsteps, nearer, nearer, up the stairs announced some unusual interruption, and a messenger was seen crossing the room, bearing a slip of paper which he held in his hand, showing it to every one as he passed. "I want Captain Streather, if you will kindly point him out to me." No one positively knew where to direct the man, but all told him they were sure he was somewhere about—the man edged his way through all the rooms, but apparently looked in vain for the object of his search, he was just retreating when Roger Harding stopped and enquired the cause of the interruption.

The man said, "Please, yer honour! this here paper is for Captain Streather, one of his men is a waitin' for him below, and it's very urgent, he'd best come directly."

"Roger hastily asked Esther to excuse him, and taking the paper from the man he repaired to the balcony in search of his friend. He whispered a few words to him, and Oswald hurried immediately with the paper tightly clenched in his hand, he paused in the doorway to read it hastily—"Come, or it may be too late," it was signed "Mary Kennedy."

"Shall I accompany you," said Roger eagerly; without a word Oswald dashed by him down the crowded staircase, crossed the hall, amid the wondering bystanders, all of whom fell quickly back to let him pass, as with wild and anxious looks he rushed out into the night. Roger Harding feeling hurt and grieved at this treatment watched him from the landing, and then went back to look for Esther, who had disappeared meanwhile. After a rapid survey of the rooms, he caught a distant glimpse of her, whirling round in the dance with a former schoolfellow of Oswald's, called Lionel Hayes, son of a Dr. Josiah Hayes, at whose house he was temporarily staying, till his leave of absence expired when he expected to be recalled to join his Regiment then in India. Feeling very restless and anxious, and not caring to stay longer at the Ball, he decided on going home, fully resolved if possible to see Oswald the next day, and learn from him some further explanation of what had occurred. On his way out he encountered Sam Cowley, the steward, who touched his cap respectfully, saying, "a fine night, Sir, to ye!" Roger Harding immediately enquired where Oswald had gone.

"I can't say, Sir, as to where he be, at least not just exactly, but I knows I seed him goin' up the High Street with Miles Kennedy, that chap he was with a half-an-hour ago; we was all on us ordered off to join the Yacht out there," said Sam, turning his thumbs in the direction of the Pier, "and he telled us as it was loikly enough as he'd come aboard of her afore daylight."

"Well, but I want to find him at once, can't you put me in the way. If you lead on, I'll follow you."

"Why no, Sir, I can't do that. Ye sees as 'ow I've got the Captain's orders, and it's as much as my place is worth to run counter to 'em. I'd be most happy to oblige ye, Sir, but we was all on us to be aboard by day-break, and the clocks is striking Three now, I can hear 'em quite plain, and the Capting, he's so mighty particklar, I can tell ye, and us has a deal to do afore we's any of us ready for him."

Roger felt in his pocket, and drew out a handful of silver which glittered in the lamp-light, and holding it out, he said, "here Sam, never you mind all that, but come directly with me, for it's getting very late, and I'll engage to make it all square with the Captain."

Sam hesitated for a moment, then proudly drawing himself up with an air of virtuous indignation, he replied, "I couldn't do it, Sir, no! I really couldn't, on no account, no! not if the Queen of England was to herself propose it to me; but howsomever," said Sam, as he eyed the silver reluctantly out of the corner of his eye (an angry cloud of disappointment spread over Roger Harding's weather-beaten countenance) "I don't mind letting on to ye, as to where he be, if ye'll not say as I telled ye nothin'."

"Take it, man," said Roger shortly, "and be quick, for I can't stand here all night talking."

Sam edged aside to see if anybody saw him, and then wheeling round with his back turned, he held out his hand half open, while Roger poured the shining guerdon into his rough palm. Sam's eyes were quite closed the while as if by this means he could assure himself that he was in total ignorance of the transaction.

"Now," said Roger, "be so good as to tell me where he really is."

"Well, Sir, No. 4 is about the right figure," slowly observed Sam, still jealously guarding his secret. Seeing Roger was getting angry he presently added, "You might if ye preferred it take the first turning on the left side," and not a word more would he say.

Roger argued, threatened, scolded; he even condescended to test what coaxing might do, but Sam seemed all at once

to flush scarlet, as if an apoplectic fit were imminent, then he coughed vociferously.

As soon as he had recovered himself after making strenuous attempts to clear his throat, Roger rather coldly enquired, "Is it up the High Street where that left hand turning is?" Roger waited a bit, then Sam slowly rolled his bottle-green eyes and winked in that direction, presently he whispered close to Roger's ear, "Missus Kennedy lives that way."

"All right," said Roger, "Now I think I have the clue to what I want." At this Sam looked half afraid lest he had been too communicative, but the noise of the silver chinking in his pocket settled his doubts for him.

Roger passed up the street, only a few stragglers remained, for the houses seemed all closed and the shops with their shutters up at that late hour. He took the turning on the left till he came to a small house with green shutters in front, on the ground floor, one of which had been left open as if for air. He saw by a dim light on the table the movements of the inmates of the room. A few ashes were still smouldering in the grate, and the candle had burnt low in the socket. A tiny skillet stood on the hob by the side of the fire, which a woman was slowly stirring, while every now and then she cast anxious looks at the corner of the room, as if waiting to minister to the wants of some invalid. On the rug in front of the hearth was stretched a large black dog who was to all appearance dozing, though the nervous twitching of his ears backwards and forwards from time to time shewed that he could plainly hear the slightest sound. Reclining on a sofa propped up by pillows, was a young female of extreme beauty, whose slight fragile form seemed attenuated by long illness. Her eyes wet with recent tears, shone unnaturally bright, as the flame from the expiring fire shot and flickered on the opposite wall. By the side of the sofa stood Oswald Streather, as if in a dream, her thin hand clasped in his, while her long dark hair hung in heavy masses over her pale brow. Roger Harding stood transfixed with amazement, and for a moment he felt powerless to withdraw. But an instant's reflection sufficed to convince him how

utterly useless it would be to expect to gain any interview with Oswald at a time like this.

As soon as he had recovered from his surprise, he withdrew in silence, well knowing how deeply resentful Oswald would be at any supposed espial of his actions. The creaking sound caused by his retreating footsteps roused the dog from the hearth, he got up, shook himself, and barked, but not seeing any one, he quietly curled himself up on the rug as before. Roger fearing he was observed, paused a moment, for in case of discovery he thought he ought to wait and offer some sort of explanation as to why he was there at such an unusual hour of the night. A second glance quite convinced him that the occupants of the room were wholly unconscious of his presence, so he finally departed, pursuing his way unnoticed down the silent street.

GWYNETH ALWYN.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S WORK IN LAPLAND.

IN giving brief sketches of the social condition of women throughout the world, I preface my first sketch by remarking how nature and universal custom have given to the woman the early nurture and the great work of the early education of both male and female child.

When we consider how indelible are early impressions, we see that we receive, as it were, the stamp and impress of our future individuality from the woman. It would be well if the philanthropist would practically recognise this fact, and, in seeking to raise the status of a people, would remember how all important is the culture of its women. Much of the abortiveness of Missionary and other effort has been owing to the undue attention devoted to the founding of schools for

the high education of the men of native races, whilst the women have been comparatively neglected. Should not the potter in perfecting his pottery commence by improving his mould, instead of wasting endless time in the futile work of trimming into shape each single illmoulded piece ?

In commencing my sketches I follow the plan proposed in an unpublished paper on Lapland by a distinguished Ethnologist, of taking the races by zones and commencing in the North, I will speak first of woman's work in Lapland.

Tornaeus, an ancient writer on Lapland, states that the men and women equally undergo all pains and work, except hunting. They usually help one another in fishing, though the women will often fish for weeks together in the absence of the men, and also dry and lay up the fish for winter. The feeding and milking of the cattle is shared by both sexes, and both sexes unite in public games and sports, the women showing as much dexterity as the men in ball play.

The employments peculiar to the women are tailoring and shoemaking. All their clothes, shoes, boots, gloves, and caps are the work of the women, and all are highly decorated with embroidery. They make also the harness for the raindeer, and are skilful in the manufacture of scrips, pincases, and sheaths for knives.

AUGUSTINE KING.

THE PROUD NECK.

WE tell a wondrous tale of what happened a long time back in the city of Noconoscodonde, somewhere in Spain. The king of the Province of which Noconoscodonde was the Capital, had two daughters. The youngest, Princess Hermosa, was as gentle in disposition as she was beautiful in face, but the eldest, Princess Superba, though handsome in feature, was of so proud and overbearing a character, that

she was loved by none, and caused great anxiety to her father, upon whom the care of these princesses rested, as he had lost his wife shortly after the birth of the youngest. Her want of amiability, however, did not deter the many princely suitors who, in seeking her hand, probably thought more of the rich province which she would one day inherit, than of the princess herself. To all these suitors Superba turned a deaf ear, and sent them from her presence in disdain. She would never marry she said beneath herself, and as she thought everybody beneath herself, it was evident she would never marry at all. Day by day, and year by year, this proud princess looked prouder and prouder still. She even began to disdain the companionship of her gentle sister, and ordered a separate suite of apartments to be prepared, to separate herself from her.

Looking out from the windows of her magnificent palace, she saw in the distance the cottages and dwellings of the poor, and often times borne on the wind heard their merry voices as they sang at their work, or the prattle of their children as they played at the cottage doors. Seeking an audience of her father, "It is not fit," said she, "that these squalid and wretched hovels should pain my eyes, or that those wretched creatures should assail my ears with their low and discordant voices," and having obtained the permission of her father, with whom her will was law, to demolish the village, proudly drawing up her neck, she hastened to give the order. Her proud heart could not yet find rest, she wished she said to look down upon every one, and ordered the palace to be raised story upon story, higher and higher, to raise her above her future subjects. Meantime it became whispered about the court, that a strange and terrible judgment was falling upon this wretched princess. It was evident that her neck, which she was constantly drawing up in pride, was daily growing longer. The princess herself was in no way disconcerted at this, it ministered only to her insane pride, and thinking of herself as of a higher race, she began to despise even her good old father. The neck grew daily longer and longer till she could no longer enter at the door-

ways, which had to be raised to admit her passage, at length even the roof of the palace had to be removed to make way for the ever sprouting neck, up, up it went, till in the distance again she saw the homes of the poor, till prouder and prouder, to escape the sight, the neck shot up and up. "Things are going rightly now," said the princess, "I shall live with the moon and stars which are of course the highest society. On goes the neck, whilst her sorrowing father below fears she will be lost in the clouds, if help cannot be found for this strange disease. He sent for the court physician, who called into consultation all the doctors in Noconoscodonde, and even sent for the celebrated Dr. Dulcamara, from Italy, who came by the very first train, which ought to have been running at that period if it didn't. We are not quite certain of the amount of his fee on this occasion, but we may confidently assert that it was the largest that he could obtain. Unfortunately, long sighted as he was, he was not long sighted enough to view Her Royal Highness's tongue, so he sent a telegram to Galileo, who immediately forwarded one of his very best telescopes. We are not quite certain that Galileo lived at this period, but he certainly ought to have lived at a time when he was so very much wanted, and we think it best to assume that he did. We are convinced that in history, minuteness and an over attention to chronology are a total mistake.

Historian A writes and states that such a thing occurred at such a time, and that so many people were present at it, but as soon as Historian A is dead and buried, and sometimes even before, Historian B writes and states, that thing never occurred at all, and if it did occur, it could not possibly have been at that time, and that it was a physical impossibility that that number of people could have been present at it. So for ourselves we have made up our minds to make no positive assertions, and are of opinion that there is not a finer word in the language than Perhaps.

Dr. Dulcamara having planted the telescope, announced that the nose of her Royal Highness was blue at the tip in consequence of the coldness of the air, at the altitude she

had reached, and we digress to mention how blue then became the fashionable tint for noses at the Court of Noconoscodonde. The gentlemen acquired it by systematic libations of port wine whilst the ladies had recourse to paint. We are glad to mingle instruction with amusement and though most persons have heard of the blue blood of the grandees of Spain, few are aware that the term originated from this fashion. Doctor Dulcamara after a long consultation decided on a teaspoonful of sweet syrup of *humble* bees to be administered three times a day. But how? The carpenters of the kingdom were ordered to build a ladder for the nurse to ascend with the spoon, but as fast as the ladders were built the neck grew on and on and the lips of Superba could not be reached.

Alas, poor Princess, her fate was hard indeed, the solitude at first so welcome, the isolation and elevation so eagerly sought, soon became unbearable. Alone, for ever alone, she cried in anguish. Oh, for the sound of a human voice, even of the humblest.

There was a glorious Cathedral in Noconoscodonde, with spires like a petrified forest, and in the belfry had dwelt for many generations a family of birds, and the bells had tried hard to teach these birds their language, but the language of the Church bells, though very plain and simple cannot always be learnt even by the cleverest men, and it was some time before they found, as they did at last, a meek and loving little bird who mastered their tongue and thoroughly comprehended it. And the bells taught the bird the beauty of heroism, and of love and sacrifice, of heroes and warrior kings who even in Pagan days devoted themselves for their duty and their country, and of long lines of Christian Saints and Martyrs who thought it joy to suffer and to sacrifice for others, or for their faith or duty. And the little bird looked up from the belfry at the fearful sight of Superba's face, so pale and full of woe, and the thought came suddenly that small and weak as he was he might yet be able to bring relief to her, if he knew how, and he asked the Church bells, who told him to take to her the lily of the vale, the flower of Humility, the

antidote to Pride. And the little bird's father and mother and brothers and sisters in the nest wept bitterly, and said that the cold East winds might bear him to the sea, or that before he reached the Princess some hawk or bird of prey might pierce him with its beak, but the Church bells were ever ringing in the little bird's ear, he felt he had his mission, and for himself he cared not. Up, up he flew with the lily in his beak and the good winds helped his flight, and wafted him on and upwards. He has reached that cold hard face, the flower is on her brow, its perfume penetrates her brain, the tears are in her eyes, her cold heart melts, the neck is bending, sinking. Faster and faster down it sinks, and Superba is at her father's feet. She asked forgiveness of all, and giving up the succession to her sister, devoted her life henceforward to works of charity and humility, and dwelt amidst the poor whose villages and homes she had confiscated in her selfishness and pride.

A.

GREEK AND ROMAN IDEAL OF INTELLECT.

IT is worthy of mark that the Greek and the Roman in their Mythology have portrayed in Women the intellectual, scientific, and artistic qualities.

In the portraiture of the Arts we have—Melpomene, the muse of Tragedy; Thalia, the muse of Comedy; Calliope, the muse of Heroic Poetry; Uterpe, the muse of the art of Music; Polyhymnia, the muse of Song and of Oratory; Erato, the muse of Love and Marriage Songs; and Terpsichore, the muse of Dancing.

For the Sciences we have Clio, the muse of History; and Urania, the muse of Astronomy; and, even the faculty of *Memory is idealized* in Mnemosyne, the Mother of the *muses.*

The Mind itself in perfection of Wisdom stands before us in the grand and faultless daughter of Zeus—Pallas, Athene, Minerva.

THE EDITOR.

SONG.

BRAVE HEART AND TRUE.

THEY say that Life is all "Vanity,"
  And it may be so, it may be so,
They say it is all "vexation" too,
  Here below—here below.

Love is a cheat, and friendship a sham,
  Too many say, too many say,
And impulse misleads, and faith deceives,
  But I say nay—But I say nay.

'Tis a glorious world, with its trees and flowers,
  Its bright blue sky, and its waters gay,
Its pleasant longing summer hours,
  Their only fault—that they pass away.

It has happy childhood and joyous youth,
  Manhood and womanhood, aye and age,
For myself I believe in Faith and Truth,
  And would blot no sentence from out Life's page.

Troubles there are—aye, sharp to bear,
  That must come in the least eventful life,
I pity the one who can pass through time here,
  With nothing to think of but care and strife.

I know that though many hopes decay,
  And often the Friendships we trusted deceive,
The young buds of promise may fall away,
  Yet that Truth reigns somewhere, I still believe.

Then there are moments that compensate
  For what we suffer—so dare and do!
And 'tis sufficient to pass through all
  Scatheless—to keep—Brave Heart and True.

T. E.

PROGRESS.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

We have received the following communication from "The Ladies' Educational Association," in connection with University College, London:—

"The Association was formed in February, 1869. In October, 1871, all the Lectures began to be given at University College. This Session, 1873-74, there has been a considerable increase in numbers. The total number of tickets hitherto taken this Session (the *first* term of which has not yet expired), being 292, or within less than 50 of the number of tickets taken for the *whole* of the winter session last year. It is expected that at least 100 additional tickets, representing probably at least 80 new Students, will be taken after Christmas, as a great many ladies return to town too late to join the classes in October. The total number of *individual* students attending the classes is something over 200. The great majority take only one class, but a good many attend two, and some few as many as four or five."

The number of tickets issued for the classes this session, is as follows:—English Literature, 50; English (evening class, intended mainly for Teachers), 49; Logic, 40; German Literature, 29; Hygiene, 29; English History (evening class, intended mainly for Teachers), 16: French, 28; English Constitutional History, 15; Physics (a practical class), 12; German Language, 11; Italian (senior class), 7; Italian (junior class), 6; in all, 292.

Architecture has not been included in this year's category, as it has been included in one of the regular classes of the Fine Art Department of the College.

A voluntary examination was held last year in the English classes, in the class of junior Italian, and in the Constitutional History, in which almost all who presented themselves did remarkably well.

"It was in 1869 that University College obtained from Parliament that modification of its charter, which, among other things, removes that definition of its work by which it was restricted to the teaching of male students."

The syllabus of work and tickets may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, The College, Gower-street, W.C.

GIRTON COLLEGE.

(Incorporated A.D. 1872.)

EXTRACTS FROM PROSPECTUS.

"*The object of the* Institution is, to provide for Women a systematic *education, equivalent to* that afforded by the Universities to men."

CLAUSE 9.—RESULTS.

"It is gratifying to be able to state that of the six students who entered the College on its opening in October, 1869, two have been this year examined in the papers set in the examination for the Cambridge Classical Tripos, and were declared to have acquitted themselves in a manner equal to that of candidates who obtained Honours in the Tripos, and one student who was examined in the papers set for the Mathematical Tripos, obtained such a number of marks as would have placed a candidate among the Senior Optimes, *i.e.* in the Second Class of Mathematical Honours. These students had fulfilled the conditions imposed by the University on its own members, both as to the number of terms to be kept and the preliminary examinations to be passed, and have received from the College, Degree Certificates in Honours. Since the opening of the College, eleven students have passed the Cambridge Examination informally known as the Little-go, nine of whom attained the standard required for a First Class. Nine students also satisfied the Examiners in the Additional Subjects required from candidates for Honour Examination."

Towards total expenditure, nearly £10,000 have been paid or promised, leaving a balance of £6,000 due during the present year. For the sum still required, the Committee appeal to the public.

Contributions, payable either in one sum or in annual instalments, may be paid to the Treasurer, H. R. Tomkinson, Esq., 24, Lower Seymour-street, London, W.

NORTH LONDON LADIES' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

FOURTH SESSION.

A course of Lectures on Music, and on French Literature, Composition, and Grammar, will be given during Session 1873-74; also a Correspondence Class for the study of Algebra. Herr Ernst Pauer has given six Lectures on Music.

Professor C. Cassal, of University College, will give a course of twelve Lectures on French Literature, Composition, and Grammar, on successive Wednesdays, at 3.30 P.M., beginning January the 14th. These Lectures will be delivered in French. The explanations in English so long as it is found necessary.

A. Sonnenchein, Esq., is conducting a Correspondence Class for the study of Algebra.

Miss Chessar also has given a course of most instructive and interesting *Lectures on Elementary* Physiology and Hygiene, for the National Health *Society at Wellington Hall.*

Herr Ernst Pauer's Lectures have had an attendance of 100 Ladies; Miss Chessar's, between 30 and 40.

The Lectures are delivered at Wellington Hall, Wellington-street, Islington.

NEW HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, 72, Seymour Place, Crawford Street.

In 1866 an attempt was made to meet a want in a large and poor district of London, and at the same time to assist the movement in favour of admitting women into the medical profession, by opening at 72, Seymour Place, Crawford Street, St. Mary's Dispensary for Women and Children, of which the working medical staff was to consist of qualified women practitioners. Miss Garrett, now Mrs. Anderson, was appointed visiting physician, and Miss Morgan was afterwards associated with her. Many distinguished members of the medical profession were good enough to assist as consulting physicians and surgeons. It was decided to admit only the really poor to the benefits of the Dispensary, and to charge them a penny at each visit. During the first five years that the Dispensary was open, more than 40,000 visits were made to it by patients, 9,000 new cases admitted, and 250 midwifery cases attended at their own homes.

As might be supposed, a large number of women suffering from diseases special to their sex came to St. Mary's Dispensary. In very many cases, the treatment required was almost purely surgical, and as a rule surgical cases cannot be well treated in the dwellings of the poor, and need the most skilful nursing, as well as frequent and prompt medical attendance after operation. The Physicians were unable, for these reasons, to undertake surgical cases, and the cases of women too ill to attend as out-patients. The strong preference which many of these women expressed for treatment from women doctors, a sentiment easily understood, often made it painful to refuse their applications.

Early in 1872, the Committee attempted to remedy this by giving to the Charity the much required addition of hospital accommodation, to enable the medical staff to deal effectively with the more serious class of cases, and use the rooms above the Dispensary in Seymour Place, as a temporary Hospital, and have fitted them up for ten patients.

The Committee hope to be enabled in time to buy or build a suitable house for the reception of thirty patients, and make an earnest appeal for help, to enable them not only to carry on the Charity, but to establish it in a larger and more convenient building.

The out-patient department of the Hospital is open daily, 3,681 poor women and children were admitted during the last year, and 10,704 visits were made by them to the Charity.

The Hospital is entirely without endowment.

The total current expenditure has been £805 8s.

Friends are earnestly invited to visit the Hospital; it is open to inspection every afternoon.

NATIONAL UNION FOR IMPROVING THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN OF ALL CLASSES.

President, H.R.H. The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

Secretary, Miss Louisa Brough. Office, 112, Brompton Road, S.W.

Member's Subscription, 5s. annually, with the Journal, 7s. 6d., with all papers published by the Union, £1 1s. Life membership, £10 10s.

We have before us the Second Report of this Association, founded by Mrs. Grey:—

"To bring into communication and co-operation all individuals and associations engaged in promoting the Education of Women and Girls, so as to strengthen and combine their efforts; to collect and register for the use of members, information on all points connected with such education."

For its further objects and development, we refer our readers to an able and exhaustive pamphlet, by Miss Emily Shirreff, entitled "The work of the National Union," and to the Journal of the Union.

All interested in the education of women, should join this Central and thoroughly organised Association.

DODGES.

CRAWLERS.—A Government invention to obstruct the highways and byeways in the shape of Cabs.

CLEANING THE STREETS FROM SNOW.—Another Government invention to turn Snow into Ice and break the neck of John Bull.

DODGER.

EDITOR'S NOTICES.

The Serials for this year will be complete in four numbers; thus making a complete volume for 1874.

The Editor invites communications on *all* subjects.

All communications to the Editor to be addressed

THE EDITOR, 106, Marylebone Road.

Subscribers are requested to forward their subscriptions for the quarter *or year in* advance in stamps to THE EDITOR, 106, Marylebone Road, *or by Post Office Order*, payable to RICHARD KING, Post Office, Vere *Street.*

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NOTICE.—We give Eighteen extra Pages in this Number

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THE PELICAN:

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. 2. APRIL, 1874. VOL. I.

VOX PELICANI.

CENTRALIZATION.

NEVER more than at the present moment were organization and centralization needed. Mr. Forsyth, Q.C., has just brought before the notice of parliament the bill for the removal of women's electoral disabilities. Associated with him in supporting it are Sir Robert Anstruther, Mr. Russell Gurney, and Mr. Stansfeld, and we may presume that it will number amongst its supporters not only the Premier, but many of the leading men on both sides of the house. Under these circumstances, it seems almost certain that it will meet with success. The date fixed for its second reading is the 23rd of June, and we most earnestly advise all desiring Female Suffrage, to make use of the intervening period. If the measure is not passed, it will be, in our opinion, upon the grounds that the women of England as a body do not desire the franchise. It is unhappily a fact that a great number of women, from one cause or another, although feeling with the movement, yet refrain from giving it their active support. A portion have been said to withhold their aid, saying, "We do not see why we should have to struggle for a privilege which is ours by right." Although we can sympathize with these objections,

we cannot but point out to them how unpolitic it is to take up such a locus standi. No great reform has ever been obtained without an energetic and hard struggle. What would have been our position now, if those Barons, who in the tenth century compelled King John to sign Magna Charta, had looked upon things supinely in this light, and had abstained from joining in a concerted remonstrance, saying, "Why should we have to struggle and fight for freedom which is ours by right?" No, nothing can be done except by a vigorous and concerted effort. In refusing to ally themselves with those actively working for the removal of women's disabilities, they do a serious harm to the cause which they sympathize with. Many of those offering themselves for election to seats in parliament, have replied, when questioned as to whether they intended to vote for female franchise, that they did not think it was desired but by a minority of the women of England, but that when such desire were nationally expressed, they would not shrink from according it.

Why should this be permitted to be said? Let all friends to our cause, join the National Society for Woman's Suffrage, obtain their Petition Forms, and endeavour to get them signed in their neighbourhood. (Full directions will be seen on page 71.)

The clause in the Bill which adds the proviso, that no married woman shall be entitled to vote, has excited great dissatisfaction. and we think rightly so, but we do not think this should prevent our actively pressing for this first step in the right direction. We cannot conclude without urging all interested in Woman's Progress, to join also the Educational Central Institution, founded by Mrs. William Grey.

The National Union has now in connection with it Associations for the higher Education of Women, all over England, and has begun to establish Schools for the higher education of girls in various parts of the country. These Schools have the most efficient heads, and able professors, and we think there is no doubt that they will gradually crowd out the Young Ladies' Schools until now so prevalent. The effect produced by these Public Schools on the rising generation of Girls will

be very great. Until lately Girls have had an education lacking the elements which enlarge the intellect. The course of study in the ordinary young ladies' school has hitherto been such as cannot fail to unsuit the mind for connected hard study. How different this has been from the course of study supplied in the schools for boys, where the great aim has been to teach everything thoroughly, and work on bit by bit, stepping well each on each stone before attempting another.

Let every woman, anxious for the social and educational progress of her sex, join Mrs. Grey's Institution. When concerted under one head, the movement would become irresistible. Let it not be said that the success of the Women's Cause has been delayed, even for a few years, through the apathy and indifference of Woman.

R. K.

VOX PELICANI.

MATER VENERANDA.

THE earliest aspect of Woman, from the most ancient record and on to, and until even long after the Christian Era, has been as—Woman—the Wife. Woman created as the help meet for Man. Where first we hear of her, this is her defined position. The ancient page, indeed, shadowed forth to her a prophecy of a higher and nobler destiny and office: but the prophecy, though clear after fulfilment, rested till then in dimness, and rightly so, for her time had not yet come. A training in the school of sorrow and of subjection, must preface her arrival at fitness for her place in the future.

In this aspect of the Wife, the quality of her aspiration must necessarily have been such, as should render her as the Wife—the most acceptable. The virtues most esteemed at the period, would thus necessarily be the virtues solely of

wifehood. Love, Fidelity, Obedience, and Gentleness, even, to Helplessness.

As in the acorn dwells the future oak, so in each age shines forth prophetic gleam of the future, discernible to whomsoever it is given to see; and we must not ignore noble aspirations of Hebrew women for the motherhood of *The Promised* through the Ages, nor grand ideal in Greek and Roman Art and Theosophy, in Mythological Portrayal of Female Intellect and Power, nor historic record of Heroic woman, commanding prominence chiefly by isolation, and in no way representing a main feature and condition of woman.

It is beyond question that until the spread of Christianity and the cultivation of Christian art and poetry, the poet and romancer, in viewing woman extolled chiefly, woman as the wife—dwelling rather on beauty of Person, than on gift of Intellect, and sculptor and painter idealized rather on Physical than on Mental proportion, and the public estimate of woman, and the talk of the day were mainly directed to her perfection in wifehood. In its way, and as nurturing in womanhood one aspect of her nature, this was good and beautiful, but again we gaze at the prophetic page—"In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

Let us look down through time from this prophecy even until now, and see how in this principle of wifehood woman has been steeped in sorrow, folly, and sin. To what has she not stooped? Erring fancies, insane jealousies, petty arts to win, low vanities and follies of dress and fashion, strange abortive efforts to better and alter nature, and even worse degradations still, have disfigured the soul of woman, and have blighted society even to rottenness at the core, in this "desire of the woman unto the man," and in his rule over her, which he has used too often, not as a sacred trust, but in a selfishness which has rebounded, according to eternal law of justice and of retribution even upon himself. Too painful to dwell on, too sorrowful to contemplate, have often been the relations between man and woman in all that should

have been of the holiest and most lovely, with the heavy and unequal penalty cast upon her, by nature and society for error of both.

But again the prophetic page—woman is not ever to be the wife alone—she is to be—the Mother—the most honoured mother, and her light is in the horizon, bringing with it hope of better things for the times to be; bringing with it under purity of womanly power, a wholesomer state of society, a juster adjustment of justice, and giving to the man, in the raised and enlightened woman, who is both good wife and high mother, the true helpmeet ordained from the beginning, and the true Reconstructor and Purifier of Society.

As the mother, she has now given to her a love which can ennoble and never degrade, unselfish, sacrificing, and freed from all taint of human jealousy, and under gradual growth of Christian thought, she has been learning and at length has learnt wherein her future lies.

As Mother, she is to govern, therefore she must be strong; she is to teach, therefore must she learn; she is to guide, therefore must she know the way, no longer walking amidst evils ignorantly and blindly; she is to restrain, therefore must she restrain herself; and thus wisely and in everything to rule, she must be filled with knowledge and be most firm; and so, as the Mother, has come to be developed a new ideal of womanhood, whose virtues should be of the highest and purest morality and intellectuality.

Yes, the time of the woman is come. Faith is ennobling her, Society is acknowledging her, and she herself is awakened to her solemn duty of striving for power and responsibility, which are hers by right divine and human.

Looking to her, the outlook broadens. There is not only a motherhood of natural law, but a motherhood, glorious and infinite, for whoso lives and labours truthfully, in body or spirit, even through sorrow and sacrifice, to bring forth aught that shall live and do work in the future, lives and labours in the spirit and power of maternity. Of such are a glorious host of the heroic and sacrificing. Law-giver, Poet, Architect, Teacher, the doer in fine, of aught from the least

unto the greatest, who travails and does, in spirit of unself, to produce for the future, is in spirit a mother, of whom it may be said, that "more are the children of the desolate than of the married wife." Again the prospect broadens. Is not each age and generation in the widest and fullest sense a mother, labouring and suffering for the age to come? And in this age, and especially in this nation, have we not especially to recognize this thought? Faith, Law, and Society are acknowledging True Womanhood beyond all such acknowledgment of centuries past. Ruling over us we have a Royal Mother, so bereaved, that Motherhood alone is left to her in gracious example to her subjects, and in the boon granted to the people, Education, light for the children, the nation and its rulers have acted in true spirit of Motherhood.

Let us wake as a nation truthfully and earnestly to the nobility of our mission, with its duty and privilege of travail and sacrifice for the "To Come."

Let us not hear at future School Board Elections, Candidates whose Candidateship (though rational economy may be pledged) shall *base* on saving of rates, nor hear Ratepayers applaud such candidateship; unworthy method of election best heard of no more and sent to oblivion, but let us have candidates not seeking place for self, but seeking only to work the best, and give of the best that lies in them, for the children. Such Candidates will surely meet, if they seek it, for the light-seeking many are ever to be led by the truly noble few if such are at hand to lead, electors who will respond to their appeal with a noble and irrepressible cry "for those who love best and will care best for the Children."

Under such holy union of School Board Candidate and Elector shall we hear again of Religious difficulty? Shall there be talk, poor taper-bearers that we are, of *my* light and *thy* light, whilst the children are left in darkness? Shall it not rather be, that uniting with one impulse to rear up in Christian England a God-fearing race, under whatsoever phase of light, seeing only that the light proceedeth from and teacheth the *words of the One Light* that "lighteth every man that cometh

into the world," munificence shall be great and all shall join in raising up School and College, Foundation and Endowment, such as past ages of faith and love have bequeathed to us to remain with us still, and in which may stand side by side the many mansions of our Father's House, the text of whose teaching shall be, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another;" and whomsoever holds indeed the highest Light, let him take courage and fear not. As lesser light of night and moon and star fades before supreme and glorious light of day, so in due time *must* Highest Light prevail when He who rules shall so rule, whilst all must watch and wait.

Thus loving and thus giving to the Children, shall not generation after generation look back to us reverently and lovingly, calling us ever

MATER VENERANDA. A. K.

IN MEMORIAM.

"To him that overcometh—and keepeth my works to the end—to him will I give *The Morning Star*."—REV. ii. 26, 28.

M OURN not, ye virgins all, that weep and wait;
A nd stand with lamps untrimmed beside His gate.
R eplenish with new oil, then watch in fear—
Y our Lord's approach,—His steps you soon shall hear.

S ee 'midst the ransomed throngs that swell His train,
O ne that in life ne'er toiled nor strove in vain.
M ark all those orbs whose piercing rays slant down,
E ncircling round her like a martyr's crown;
R eflecting on her brow a halo bright,
V ain every cloud below that dimmed her sight.
I n accents sweet she heard the Bridegroom say
'L *o! I am here*'—then followed in His way.
L ed by His hand, she scaled the heights afar—
E ver to shine like Him—*The Morning Star.*

GWYNETH ALLWYN.

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come to deal with such figures as the census of this country now presents, is in its true nature an accidental phenomenon. The movement will not be carried on with sound views of its scope and character if too pointedly and exclusively directed to this phenomenon. The author, at the risk of being looked upon as a hopelessly prejudiced person, must avow the belief that any such idea as that boys and girls should be promiscuously educated to professions and businesses is futile, because it flies in the face of nature. The spheres of men and women will always be different, because women for the most part are called upon to manage and attend to the household and family, for which the man must provide food. If people could tell from earliest youth which, among female children will be left out in the cold in the process of pairing, it might be all very well that society should allow them to be educated as men, but with all but an exceptional few, it is too late to do much, when the individual is prepared to recognize the status of spinsterhood. Besides this, so far as the poorer classes are concerned, and where circumstances do practically admit of it, single women are in truth already very largely employed, and in some cases even married women to an extent which is thought to be prejudicial to the interests of the family.

There may be certain things that require redress, and certain incidental advantages, that may be procured on many of the lines which the advocates of women's interests have taken up, but what the author wants to see is a more sensible and adequate conception of the import of the movement as a whole. Less shrill and vehement claims and cries of injustice, more deep feeling and large hearted sympathy with the great cause of humanity, which is really identical with the movement truly considered. There should be no distinction in the matter between married and unmarried women. The questions that affect the latter par excellence, are merely subordinate to the main question. The woman's question is really a question of the education and development of the human race. The woman is one of the great moral factors *in the problem* of humanity, next to religion, perhaps the

greatest. The woman is in truth, the centre round which the household revolves, and if she be noble, she is a source of nobility whose subtle influence percolates in every direction. It is a matter of constant observation, that most great men have had great mothers. It can hardly be otherwise, for the mother's influence is greatest at the time when the inciptivity is greatest. As the whole world has risen in proportion as its idea of woman has become higher, so with the individual man, he generally rises or falls in connection with his ideal of women. It is a common saying, and indeed a true one, that where there is mischief, there is generally some woman at the bottom of it, and so also, though people do not observe it so much, it would frequently turn out if it could be traced, that when there were great deeds, and high purposes, there was the idea of some woman connected with it.

The moral, is closely connected with the intellectual, though not the intellectual, regarded merely as a means of obtaining wealth, and material power and influence. There is, no doubt, strong morality without much intellectual cultivation, but clear insight into things, and strong thinking, what the old Hebrew would have called wisdom, is generally connected with right doing and the judicious cultivation of the intellect must always enormously forward the cause of high morality. What the writer says, the watchword of the woman's movement should be, is free development of the woman's intellect as a great moral and civilizing agent.

This paper is running to a great length, and the writer knows that our good bird has to economize her space, but many points might be indicated in which our ordinary idea of female training and character is deficient. The only thing that will ultimately make much practical difference in the status of woman is the attention and expansion of the notions of society with regard to what is the true character of an English girl. The training of a middle class young lady in a tolerably prosperous family, more particularly in towns, gives her too narrow an experience of the realities of existence, which *she consequently* supplements, if a person of imagina-

tion, by some false ideal, encourages too much absorption in petty matters and even frivolities, and tends ultimately to sink all aspirations in a dreamy land of mere respectability.

The growing women of a country, have its fate, and the fate of humanity in their hands, and behold they are always talking and are encouraged by their mothers to be talking about bonnets. Our notions of propriety for young ladies are something terrific. A great many men indulge in perfect paroxysms of vicarious virtue about the English young lady. The author is free, very free, from depreciating feminine virtue, but there is somewhat too much of conventionality, and even of sentiment about the ordinary social ideas on the subject. They frequently do not rise very much above the school-mistress's notion of propriety, and are made the excuse for much that is most cramping and narrowing in a girl's training. They are all too much in the nature of a negation. Thou shalt not do this, or say this, or think this, is the be all, and end all, of them, not high and generous deeds and words and thoughts. The purity that can only keep itself pure by confining itself to the boudoir and drawing room, is better than its contrary, but not worth much compared to that which can go through the mire of the streets unsmirched, and fight in the battle of humanity unsullied. The author was much struck in relation to this topic with the circumstances connected with a very considerable agitation that occurred in respect of certain legislative measures of an exceptional kind, effecting a particular class of women. Rightly or wrongly a very large number of English ladies conceived that those measures, at any rate, if extended to the country at large, involved an injustice to, and degradation of, the status of women, and they stood up boldly in public to oppose them. The writer admits that there was much on the part of various supporters of the agitation that was injudicious and even grossly unscrupulous, but cannot think that taking the view they did, women were doing anything but a noble act in standing forward as they did in defence of their sex, and he thinks also that the objections urged *against them for so* doing, were ungenerous and thoroughly

illustrative of the defects he has mentioned in our conventional notion of feminine propriety.

The world is full of class woes and painful evils. The notion that the highest idea of feminine morality is that it is a sort of choice exotic, only to be reared in a conservatory of ignorance, seems but a weak one. To the pure all things are pure, is a saying that the majority of men, to judge from the newspapers, seem hardly capable of understanding. To a youth of purity and conventional morality in the girl, is apt to succeed in the matron, worldliness, gradual narrowing of the sympathies or mental and spiritual lethargy. Of course, the goodness that is innate in humanity, to a great extent, overcomes these things, but the author is speaking of the tendencies of social modes of living and thinking, which repress such goodness. On looking at society, one cannot help seeing how much there is in it, flat and unprofitable, how much that is narrow, mean, cowardly, and even immoral; how much less there is than there should be of brave wise originality and nobleness of thought, and one cannot help thinking what women might do for the world, if they were trained on a freer and broader system, and one which conduced to notions of greater nobleness and dignity. Greatness of nature is difficult to develop, with so narrow an experience of life, and in so artificial a mode of existence as the routine of middle class family life presents to the English girl, at any rate in a town. The adult young lady perhaps is not thrown in contact with another soul in a manner to broaden her experience and enlarge her mind. She knows her immediate relations, occasionally has to do a little shopping, and goes more or less frequently to balls.

Any one who has had any experience of conversation at balls, would hardly put that down as much calculated to elevate or enlighten the intellect. It is only very ardent imaginations and energetic perceptions, that can produce much fruit from such nutriment. The result one would prognosticate in duller natures is narrow vanity, and in more sensitive natures, a sort of self regarding sentimentality, and the fact that women do not yield to these more than they do,

and that they preserve the freshness of feeling as they do, shows the inherent vitality of human affections, the mighty power of nature, which nourishes the tiny scrap of mignonette in the smoky, dusty street, plants the fragile flower in the midst of inbound solitudes, and tapestries the bare, bleakest precipice with the soft velvet of lichens and mosses.

O. B.

ECHO SONG.

Through the skies, when daylight dies,
  See the meteor starting;
Scattering light till lost in night,
  So is youth departing.
    Echo cries "Departing."

Borne by breeze, across the seas,
  See the swallow hieing,
Gracious comer, gone with summer,
  So is beauty flying.
    Echo cries "Flying."

Fled the rose, the amaranth blows,
  Fresh and vernal ever;
Angel-birth, of Heaven not earth,
  So is love eternal.
    Echo breathes "Eternal."

MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

MAXIMS FOR LETTER WRITING.

NONSENCE of whatever kind, splendid or ordinary, must be for ever banished. This will be no difficult matter to those who do not take too ambitious flights: but those who soar too high are often lost in the clouds, and their descent is often fatal and always disagreeable. You should seek as far as possible to know your own capabilities: with this safeguard you will say no more than you intend, and will rarely fail to say all that you *ought.*

F.

THE SILVER TEAPOT.

CHAPTER II.

BY F. LESLIE.

(Continued from page 15.)

BEFORE I proceed further, I must beg my readers, if I ever get any, or have the honour of appearing in print, to pardon me if I do or say more than is consistent, as a mere teapot. I ought not, certainly, to moralize or preach, or talk about "the rights of women." Neither may I turn poet, or even scribble verses, beyond at least a couplet. I think, however, that the most dogmatical literary censor will admit my right to a *spout*. Thus, if readers have been found for the "Adventures of a Guinea," the "Rambles of a rat," the "Owlet of Owlston Hall," and if canaries may talk, and mice, and even kettles, sing, surely, as I have said before, a teapot has a right to a spout, and may tell a story.

Well, one night as I was lamenting my useless, wearisome condition, I heard a sort of creaking and grinding sound at the pantry window. Robbers! O, horror of horrors! But not so terrific as the cry of "Fire;" indeed, upon reflection (and there was time for reflection in *my* juvenile days, before railways and telegrams sent people flying and scampering about, instead of walking quietly), I felt rather glad when the cupboard door opened, as if by magic, and, by the light of a lantern I saw three men with their faces covered with black crape, evidently intent upon carrying off the contents of the cupboard. Quickly they each seized, and placed in a bag, every article of value, and one of them had just grasped me, when a cry of terror escaped from him. Well might he tremble from head to foot, for a tall figure draped in white, stood at the pantry door, pointing with its finger especially at him, and, with parted lips, and flashing eyes, evidently making an effort to pronounce a malediction. I was glad enough to find myself hastily dropped into the robber's bag and feel that I was being rapidly carried away from a place

that was once dear to me, and from society of which I had been the delight and ornament. The robbers each mounted a horse when they had reached the high road, and then separated, appointing to meet at some distant and retired place in the morning to divide their booty. The robber to whose share I had fallen, upon finding I did not bear the family crest, and that, although elegantly formed, and beautifully chased, I had nothing peculiarly striking about me, resolved, instead of melting me down, to offer me to a pawnbroker. Great was my joy to find that the absence of the family crest, which had hitherto been a great mortification to me, had preserved me from a painful and ignominious death.

O, that pawnbroker! I shall never forget how he insulted me. He whirled me round and round, and turned me upside-down, and then turned up his nose at me; he could see I had been stolen, that the robber was hard up, for he could read a face as quickly as a page in a book. At length he named a sum which greatly humiliated me, the robber departed, and I was placed on a top shelf. I had however, a good deal of amusement in my new situation to outweigh my troubles. People came and went continually, leaving or taking away, articles of every description, from the costly gem to the worn-out faded garment. One day a lady came, poorly dressed, but evidently a lady, and, with trembling voice, asked for some money on a plainly-set diamond ring. The Jew's generally immoveable features almost relaxed into a smile as he looked at the jewel. He was about, however, to offer a low sum, when the searching look he always gave a new customer was followed by a sudden start. Was it the tear on that pale, haggard face that had touched that cold heart, or did it bring back the sunny days of youth, when a sister with a face and form like the owner of that ring, was the pride and joy of his young life? Or was she his early love, who had wasted her affections on a heartless spendthrift, and was this ring the guard to the little circlet which is given when those words are said—often, how carelessly!—"With *this ring* I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with *all my worldly goods* I thee endow." Anyhow, he gave a sum

for the ring that brought a faint flush to the pale cheek of the lady, who glided away, and I heard him mutter, as he put the ring in a secure place, "How changed! Yet it must be Ruth. I wish I had followed her, but perhaps she will come soon again about the ring, and then—and then—"

But she never came while I was there, and a disappointed look came over the Pawnbroker's countenance as he looked, from day to day, anxiously at every one that came in search of money. Money! Money! some wanted it for bread, some for drink, maddening drink! some for the soul-destroying gambling table. The thrifty seldom came; the miser never. Money! money! so useful, yet so misused, always money. I grew sick of the name, weary of the tinkling sound as it was doled out by the Jew, who seemed to grow harder every day since he saw the late owner of the diamond ring. A woman would have, probably, grown softer and kinder to those in need and sorrow. I began to get very tired of seeing so many sad, careworn faces, but more especially the wicked faces, when a gentleman one day entered the shop and asked if the Pawnbroker had a second-hand teapot for sale. Several were shown to him, but were not chosen. Presently I was offered, and purchased for a sum which re-kindled my dormant pride, and, soon found myself in the corner of a travelling bag. When I next saw the light, I was on a dining-room table, and having my merits and demerits freely discussed by my purchaser, and an elderly lady, who was evidently his wife. "I was just the shape," she said, "and the height to make good tea, and I was beautiful into the bargain." What a housewife the good old lady was! And her servants being well overlooked, without being hunted about and scolded, kept the house and, everything in it in perfect order. I was not used every day, but only when there were visitors. I found I was an important article. After being thoroughly cleaned *inside* as well as outside, I was placed in a green baize bag, and then in a case that exactly fitted me. Nothing could be more comfortable, and I had never been treated with so much respect since the death of *dear Lady Gwendoline.*

E.

One evening when I was doing my very best to exhilarate the spirits of the numerous visitors in the drawing-room, a lady who was late (it was not fashionable in those days to be late at tea parties) was announced. Could it be possible that that old lady with snow-white hair, and a cap trimmed with silver grey, was Aunt Mabel? There was a low murmur of delight on her entrance, and when all the greetings were over, she had a place assigned her near the tea table. There she sat, still beautiful in her old age, with her clear fair skin and lofty brow, her blue eyes bright as ever. Yes, there she sat erect, her small throat still encircled with a grey ribbon, and whatever was attached to it concealed, as it used to be in the folds of her dress. But why does she suddenly start, and the china cup she is raising to her lips nearly fall from her hand?

"What is the matter," cried her hostess, and several voices at the same time, "Are you ill?"

"No," replied Aunt Mabel, quickly recovering her equanimity, "but where may I ask did you get that teapot? Although there is nothing uncommon about it, there is a defect in the spout that makes me almost certain that it once belonged to a relative of mine, that is all."

That "slight defect" had been in my young days, like the want of the family crest, a source of constant vexation to me. Ill-natured people were sure to remark it when some one was admiring my beauty, or praising my tea. Now, after many years of humiliation in the Pawnbroker's shop, through that same defect I was attracting the admiration of a number of people of exquisite taste. They crowded round the tea-table, and at length I was handed round the room, and it was some time before I regained my place on the tea-tray. I then heard Aunt Mabel whisper to her hostess, "Oh, no, it is very, very kind of you to offer it, but it would only serve to remind me of dear Gwendoline." How very proud I felt that night as I was with increased care and respect placed in my green baize bag! I almost feared, as pride comes before a fall, that some fresh mortification was in store for me. And so it turned out, for the next time I was required to appear in the drawing-room, the servant in carrying up the tea tray let it fall, and I was so sadly scratched and bruised that I had to

be sent to the silversmith to be rubbed and beaten into shape. I resolved I would never indulge in pride any more, and gave way only to feelings of gratitude when I was restored to my owner, and heard her exclaim, "I declare it looks as beautiful as ever. Only think, my dear," she added to her husband, "this teapot once belonged to the Lady Gwendoline Wilmot. Miss Tiddleton, who was here the evening Lady Mabel recognized it, says it must be thirty years at least since the Lady Gwendoline died, so that Lady Mabel must be nearly seventy. Why she scarcely looks sixty. If she only wore false hair (dyeing the hair was unknown in those days) one might take her for fifty. Miss Tiddleton wanted to tell me Lady Mabel's story, rather a strange one I believe, but I did not care to hear it; I am not curious, you know, and I could not quite credit Miss Tiddleton's version of it. She is very ill-natured, and very jealous of Lady Mabel. I believe they were both in love with the same gentleman, Do you hear, my dear?"

Mrs. Grey might have waited long enough for an answer if she had not slightly shaken her good-natured husband, for he had fallen asleep over a book. "Ah! my dear," said Mr. Grey, rubbing his eyes, "I am glad you have roused me, I was dreaming about that tiresome Miss Tiddleton; don't ask her here again in a hurry, and don't listen to her story. I know all about Lady Mabel, and will tell you some day, when I am less tired, all that ought to be related, but as you remark, you are not troubled with woman's curiosity, you will be able to wait patiently my time."

"Now, don't be tiresome, my dear," replied Mrs. Grey, "I am not usually curious, but I own I should like to hear Lady Mabel's story at once, and you are not tired, only you just like to teaze me. I only hope *you* were not one of her numberless lovers, for then I am afraid I should be as jealous of her as Miss Tiddleton is, and scarcely *like* to hear it."

Mr. Grey looked provokingly mysterious, and again threatened to be silent. His persevering spouse however, gave him another good shake, thoroughly roused him, and then taking up her embroidery and seating herself beside him, she said, *with a playful smile,* "Now tell me about Lady Mabel."

(To be continued.)

QUIS SEPARABIT.

M ORNING breaks forth in clouds of saffron light,
A nd the dark dreary shadows of the night,
R etire before the dawn whose rays are beaming,
I n the blue wave like golden harp-strings streaming ;
E ntwined in these, the crested billows straying

A re onward urged as if white hands were playing
L ike spirit music on the ruffled deep,
E ven the wandering winds that idly sweep
'X press sweet melodies,—while angel voices there
A re murmuring songs of welcome and of prayer.
N ow *He* they say who walked the shining tide—
D id give His blessing once to Cana's Bride,—
R escuing His Brethren from the tempest's frown.
O h! may His favouring eye on One look down,
V eiled while she stands, wearing the myrtle wreath,
N ear him who gives her hand the mystic token,
A pledge of faith—to last through life unbroken.

GWYNETH ALLWYN.

THE WEEKLY REGISTER AND CATHOLIC STANDARD says, "It is said that the women stand a good chance this time of getting through the House of Commons; but that the Lords will throw them over. It would be inconsistent to allow women to vote for members of the Lower House, and refuse Peeresses in their own right a seat in the Upper. Then indeed might Lord Redesdale compare the House to a casino." We may remind our Catholic contemporary, that at the School Board, the experiment has been tried of deliberation to which both sexes are admitted, and we have not yet learnt that the lady members have beguiled the assembly into treading on "light fantastic toe." Perhaps the supposition is levelled at *Peeresses only.* Our female aristocracy may feel complimented.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE 12th MARCH, 1874.

A British Prince, son of a Monarch's Lord,
Sought the wild seas, and grasped a naval sword;
Roamed to all climes across the boundless main,
And sailed for many a year, nor sailed in vain.
From mast, and screw, torpedo, ram, and gun,
He learned how ships were steered, how battles won;
To give him Welcome countless thousands pressed,
And mighty monarchs hailed him as their guest.
Well skilled in Harmony, his cheerful strains
Solaced his comrades' weariness and pains;
Favoured by all, save that a dastard foe
Once sought his life, but missed the mortal blow.
Destined, if heaven permit, to rule a state
Small in extent, in wide alliance great.
It chanced in respite from the sailor's toil
He sought a pastime on Italia's soil;
Here by some ruined fane or vine clad glade,
He met and wooed the high Imperial maid—
Bright, fair, and graceful, Russia's favoured child
His manly form enthralled, his tales beguiled;
Their hearts commingled and they fondly loved;
His queen consented and her sire approved.
Joyful, in holy bonds united fast,
(Oh! may that joy through many long years last!)
They come, midst gladdened friends to rest awhile
Within the shelter of our busy isle;
Be it our pleasure, be it then our task,
To give the hearty welcome which they ask:
Let banners float on high and trumpets sound
And thro' the air the merry peals rebound,
Let the exulting shout, the wild huzza,
Greet in our festooned streets the nuptial car;
And let our mimic fires with fervent glow
Through all the land this only motto shew,—
"The Russian Orange and the British Rose
Make us for e'er forget we once were foes."

Senex.

RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from page 22.)

HE at last reached his lodgings, which were at a considerable distance off, in Dr. Hayes' Establishment, at a pretty Villa on the east side of the Island, standing in grounds leading down to the sea, with a low wall in front. All the way back he could not abstract his thoughts from what that glimpse at the open shutter had laid before him. "Whose was that prostrate form from which the light of life seemed well-nigh fled? What was there in her death-stricken features that so painfully recalled to him some buried memories out of the long forgotten past? And Oswald, too, what motive could he have for such unaccountable secrecy. Oh! if it were possible; Oh! that it were really true that she was his wife!" For a second only, a transient feeling of triumph took possession of him, as he thought of Oswald's now forfeited right to any special regard he might in future claim from Esther MacCarthy, at the same time there could be no doubt, judging from his conduct at the Ball, as to the high estimation in which he held her, and yet with all this before him, how could Roger Harding put any faith or trust in Oswald any more. The home-like appearance of the neat though poorly furnished room, and the remains of some broken toys that lay scattered on the ground, all spoke of a relationship that could not be denied.

"Yes," ejaculated Roger, "too truly, this must be his deeply injured, though unacknowledged wife, whose fleeting hours were surely numbered as she lay gasping there, while *he* had been rioting in the very vortex of this world's illusory pleasures."

It was almost morning when Roger Harding sought his room, and before retiring to rest he gazed out of his window, *where a strangely* vivid glare seemed to pervade the whole

sky, lighting it up with all the varied tints of earliest dawn, when the uprising sun enflames the clouds with gold. Weary with the evening's excitement he fell asleep soon after closing his window, and we must leave him while we retrace our steps and explain what befell Oswald, after he so suddenly quitted the scene of gaiety, which was to him so great a dream of happiness the night before.

Bareheaded he rushed past the crowd below, dismissed his men who were waiting outside, telling them to be ready for him at daylight. He then hurried up the principal street, followed by Miles Kennedy, till he reached the turning on the left, then softly knocking at a small house with half-opened shutters, the door was promptly answered by a good natured fair-haired female, her rosy cheeks hot and flushed with leaning over the fire, her unkempt locks in wild confusion, hanging in tangled knots unbound by coif or comb. She led the way through a narrow passage with opposite doors on either side. The one on the right hand, furthest up the street opened on a sort of Tea and Coffee Room, where strangers and passing travellers could find shelter and refreshment at a very moderate cost. The door to the left led into the small sitting room that belonged to Miles Kennedy's wife. They entered, carefully closing it after them, and Oswald instantly demanded in a very peremptory tone, "Why have you brought her down here?"

"Oh! sir," said Mary Kennedy, "'twas for her good we did it, poor thing, she's been so faint we've scarce been able to keep life in her, and the Doctor, who ordered her down that she might get more air, says she can't be moved."

"And where's the child?" he coldly enquired.

"Poor lamb! she be up-stairs asleep, and what good would it do for us to go wakening her at this time o' night, when she's best out of the way; it's little rest the poor young lady ever gets with her runnin' and romping about the room. It's a blessin' it is, that she aint here."

"Who is that, Mary, I heard some one talking, I'm sure; Oh! don't let anybody come, at least not till he's been."

"He's here, darling, now, he is indeed," and Mrs. Kennedy

stepped aside while Oswald approached the low sofa whereon lay the dying form of her he had once so fondly loved, but whom in later years he had thus cruelly deserted; after bustling about awhile in removing everything that was not wanted, she naturally concluded they would talk more freely if left alone, so she presently retreated up the rickety wooden stairs, taking the dog with her. In the first instance, Tumna was in no mind to follow her, he had just woke up from a refreshing sleep, and like an intelligent dog he seemed well aware there was something unusual going forward, so before she left the room, he had succeeded in hiding under every chair and table he could find, and at last she had to drag him along by the collar while he obstinately preserved his sitting posture; once out, he trotted up-stairs in front of her, fully resolved in his mind to come down again, the minute he had reached the top, for this purpose he turned round and faced her, but she guessed his intention and was beforehand with him. "You're too clever by half," cried she, throwing her apron suddenly over his head, while she gathered up the ends in her hands as he struggled violently to get loose, then pulling him along by her side, she crossed the landing till she reached the door of Ellen's own room where the little girl was then sleeping, and softly opening it she entered cautiously on tiptoe for fear of disturbing her. No threats or persuasions could induce Tumna to follow her inside, and in dread lest he should bark she at last desisted, while he quietly laid himself down at full length on the mat outside the door.

The small apartment next to this, looking out at the back, was old Mackenzie's room, which he had occupied ever since his wife's death some years ago. He was a native of Ryde; and had seen a good deal in his time, having been at sea ever since he was a boy; his parents were Scotch people, who settled in the Isle of Wight just after their marriage, and being staunch Presbyterians, they had brought him up from his earliest youth with severe religious notions respecting the strict observance of the Sabbath, etc. He was a little crochety at times, and had some few prejudices, more *especially* against the Catholics, but in the main he was

truly worthy and conscientious, and ever ready to lend assistance where help was needed. At one time he had served in the Navy, and had been a fore-top-man on board a first class frigate, but his eye-sight failing him from ill-health he got his discharge, and afterwards became a steward in some nobleman's yacht.

While on board the frigate, he had been very unpopular with the men, for he never would join in the drinking and swearing that usually prevails, and if ever he ventured to remonstrate with any of them, they immediately dubbed him "The Parson," jeering at him as a canting Methodist, and one of them, a hot-headed Irishman, generally wound up with, "By the Powers, if ye Sainted Riv'rence will only make bold to give us your orders, every mother's son of us will be proud to sarve ye intirely." Added to this they never lost an opportunity of embroiling him with the superior officers; on this account he kept out of their way as much as possible, and finding no congenial associates with whom he could hold companionship, he felt no regret when the time came for him to quit the service.

During the last few years of his life he made a living by letting out boats by the day, hour, or week, as the occasion might arise, for he had invested all his savings in the purchase of a small sailing vessel, called "The Fair Maid of Perth," together with a smaller boat belonging to her. At this time he was nearly seventy years of age, and though he looked hale and hearty, he was getting too old for much work. Having no nearer relatives than the Kennedys (for Mary Kennedy was his eldest daughter, and he had lost his other daughter Susan, who had been married to the foreman who worked in Messrs. Parker and Drewitt's Timber Yard close by), he very readily attached himself to the poor young lady, who with her little girl occupied the room next his own. He often used to buy small offerings of cakes and toys for the little Mimi, whose lively prattle was a source of constant amusement to him, and many a ramble did he take with the little one, carrying her on his shoulder when she was tired, through the lanes and hedges in search of blackberries or

wild flowers to please her fancy; and when he brought the little bairnie home again, he took her straight up to Ellen's room, that he might have a look at the "puir lassie" in whose sad fate he felt so much interest.

On this particular night, when Ellen's illness seemed to have gained such ground on her, after returning the little girl to her mother, he had retired to his room somewhat earlier in the evening in the deepest grief at the thoughts of what the morning might bring, for on taking leave of her after his ramble with Mimi, he had noticed a darker shadow in her eyes that painfully aroused in him the belief that for her there was no morrow. All he could do now was to pray for her, and pray he did long and earnestly; with his Bible before him, that old man knelt down, then rising after some minutes he drew an old fashioned wicker chair to the table, where the feeble rays from the dim flickering candle only served to render the darkness more visible around the rest of the room. He took up his spectacles, wiping them on an old faded cotton handkerchief that he had valued as a gift from his wife in their courting days—those days of "Auld Lang Syne"—he then replaced them on the table and the handkerchief by them, while he stooped with crossed arms, bowing his head on the Book, for he could not see to read, his eyes were so blurred with weeping. A broad black ribbon overlaid the open page at these words, "Behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive."

A profound weariness overcame him and he stirred not, but slept on in total unconsciousness of the dangerous proximity of the lighted candle, its wick overcharged with heavy snuff which dropped from time to time, and rolled from the leaves of the book over the light fluttering handkerchief near it and from thence onwards to the bare oaken floor. There were cupboards near the fireplace filled with old rubbish that had lain undisturbed for years. On the upper shelves of these stood a few oil cans, a bottle of turpentine, and some jars of

copal varnish used for the boats; a deal box tray containing some rusty nails, a roll of string, a few candle ends, and some bits of cork. An old ship's lantern and a fisherman's creel stood on the floor, filled with loose oyster shells that old Will had saved to make into a grotto for the little girl.

So the hours sped on, and at midnight, in all the stillness of that hushed and silent room, death, that with creeping footsteps had been lurking all the day in that ill-fated house, now stood within the closed door to claim his own, turning awhile from his young and lovely victim below, to launch his venomed dart with unerring aim, the more sure and certain from its long delay. A small vessel bursting on the brain did the work instantaneously that shot and shell had failed to accomplish in years gone by. Death's cold frosty breath availed not to cool the already smouldering fire, that rapidly increasing every instant required only a few moments more to convert it into fierce flame. There was no hand near to warn the other inmates of the house of the threatened doom that was hanging over them.

In the room below, Oswald left standing by Ellen's side, stooped down and whispered to her, "Were you so very ill that you could not wait till the morning before you sent for me?"

"'Twas Mary sent for you, not I," said Ellen in a faint voice that was barely audible, "I heard the Doctor ask her if I had any friends near, for he said he thought I should not live many hours."

"Pooh! nonsense, Ellen, I don't believe it, these Doctors are sure to make the worst of everything, and I think it was very careless of Mrs. Kennedy to let you hear this."

"Oh! it wasn't her fault, they thought I was asleep, and I heard him tell her in the passage, while the door was open."

"You would have been all the better if you could have got some sleep, and then they needn't have sent for me in such a hurry, making me so conspicuous before all my friends."

This sudden outburst of vexation from Oswald, brought

the tears into her eyes, but she said nothing; he then added, "Supposing you really were as ill as they describe, is there anything you want done, that I could do for you?"

She kept silence for some minutes, then at last she said, "Oswald, it's not of myself I am thinking, but what will become of Mimi, when she has no one left to care for her after I am gone."

"Oh! we won't talk of that," said he, "you really do fidget so about nothing, moping yourself to death with foolish fears, and besides all this, I don't think you need dictate to me as to what I am to do with my own child. She is very happy here, and well looked after by the Kennedys, so you need have no further anxiety on her account, indeed had it not been for your illness I should not have stayed here so long, as I have an invitation from some friends of mine to pass some weeks with them at their country seat in the West of England."

"Who are they?" she asked.

"Oh, nobody you know at all; they are rich people who have large estates in Wales; MacCarthy is the name, I met some of them at the ball to-night, and by-the-bye, I suppose I ought to have told you that your brother was there also."

"What Roger—my brother—back again! and did you speak to him, Oswald?"

"I had as little to do with him as I possibly could. He knows nothing as yet of our marriage, he was in India when you left school, and my having changed my name since my Uncle's death prevents his knowing we are related."

"Oh! Oswald, if you don't mind! there is one thing that would please me more than anything else in the whole wide world."

"Say what you want, then, for I won't promise anything till I know what it is."

"I want you," she said half-rising up, "when you go round the west coast on your way to the MacCarthys, to take Mimi with you and call on my relations, if you explain all that has passed they'll forgive me, and perhaps be willing to *have her live with them*; do, Oswald, it will save you all

trouble and be better for her, for she won't be brought up properly while she stays here!"

"No, indeed," he said hastily, "not on any account, Mimi shall never cross their threshold with my consent. Ah! you little know what treatment I received at their hands; when my uncle left me all his money on condition that I assumed his name, I did go to your friends and sought a reconciliation, intending to explain everything, but the letter I sent in was thrown back to me unopened, and I was literally turned away from their door."

GWYNETH ALLWYN.

(To be continued.)

AN EXCURSION TO THE BURNING COAL MINES OF COMMENTRY.

IN the department of the Allier, is a retired little watering-place, called Néris-les-bains.

The town or village is very little known to strangers, though it is proved that the Romans were well acquainted with the medicinal powers of its boiling water springs; by their having left several constructions, of which the bath establishment is the largest, built in massive blocks of stone, and bearing over its heavy sculptured doorway, the simple inscription—

ACQUÆ NERIÆ.

But if strangers know little of it, the French aristocracy have made it a very favourite resort of theirs.

It is to France like a private little sanctum of a great house; none but the privileged are entitled to enter it, and profit by its seclusion.

I was there about four or five years ago, and I know well I soon got mightily sick of the place.

In the morning I would go at six to my bath, muffled up

in my dressing gown to cross the "Place." After I had endured there all the tortures of the cure, "bain chaud," "douche ecossaise," and no end of rubbing and scrubbing, I was muffled back again across the same famous "Place" into my bed, there, being allowed to breathe freely while eating my breakfast.

I invariably begged the garcon to leave the door ajar, that I might enjoy the sight of all the poor cripples coming from the bath in costumes, for the most part as elegant and "recherchés" as mine. I had remarked in particular an old Duchesse de C—— B——, who indulged innocently her rheumatic pains, by using a crutch, or taking her servant's arm while going up stairs, that she might appear all the younger next winter in Paris, and a gouty old L—— R——fld limping up to his rooms, with a train of other grandees following in rapid and deformed succession.

This was very well the first few days, when I was so ill myself I could not move, but I soon learned to know them all by heart, and consequently to hate them, as though it was their fault for not changing personality each time, for my own especial benefit and amusement.

I had lunch at eleven, and then took a stroll up the promenade and round the park, a large old Roman amphitheatre, overgrown with grass, and planted with trees and rose bushes. But when I had been round there twice, when I had rested on every bench, looked at every view, and watched each group of babies and nurses in turn, I would heave a great sigh, find nothing interesting, and think it best to go back immediately to the Hotel, and see whether the arrival of the omnibuses from Montluçon or Commentry had brought any news.

The lime trees of the promenade are very beautiful, but I found the smell sickening, and thought I should not stand the dullness of the place much longer.

I was tired; I took a chair and sat down.

People walked to and fro; nearly all were invalids or nurses, and I had a feverish longing to see some one who was *not ill.*

At four o'clock, "débacle générale," every one went off to

fresh baths, the "piscine" mostly, and water drinking. I also followed the rest, and wondered what I should do next.

After dinner, those who were well enough went to the Casino to listen to music or laugh at little plays. I was *not* well enough.

So the days went by, and I could not speak a word of French, and had about made up my mind to pack up and be off, when feeling somewhat better, I went down to table d'hôte and made the acquaintance of a charming party of—Alas!—French people; but the aunt spoke enough English for me to understand her, and though the niece did not even attempt to address me, she had a pair of sparkling brown laughing yet earnest eyes, which spoke worlds to me the first time they met mine; and afterwards—well afterwards you shall see.

From that time forth I seemed to get well rapidly; I soon understood that horrid French language, and was the devoted slave of Madame de la Châtre and her—do not, please, laugh at me and say, already! as if you knew what was coming—charming niece.

Néris was no longer dull, it was a delightful little nest, instead of an out-of-the-way hole. The scent of the limes was delicious, the park divine, and the crying children were darling little cherubs; the water was exquisite to drink, and my pains—why I did not even remember I had ever had any.

We were soon a large circle of intimate acquaintances, meeting three times a day, and never tired of one another. Although I spoke but little, those charming French ladies never forgot to ask after the forlorn Englishman, who was always most "empressé" to obey their summons.

One afternoon while we were sunning under the famous limes, dreaming away our time in pleasant company, the niece said in a languid "agacé" tone, "Comme je m' ennuie," which I understood meant, "How I do bother myself," which though not very flattering for me, I would willingly have agreed with only—well, I was not bothering myself at all, on the contrary.

"*It is true,*" said Madame de la Châtre. "What shall we

do to amuse ourselves?" she added, turning to a middle-aged Marquis, who still thought himself young and engaging.

"What we are to do! charming Madame," he politely answered, "Why, there are heaps of agreeable excursions we can make. There is the 'Bois,' in which the Dame Blanche is supposed to appear, as will relate to you the Père Crimonille (the donkey's owner, quite a character); you can see at Montluçon the glass manufactory, which is very wonderful. But better than all that, *I* should advise, considering the great heat, a night drive to Commentry, to visit the burning coal mines."

It was discussed, and finally put to the vote, and accepted unanimously.

Two omnibuses were ordered, there being no other vehicle of any sort in this out-of-the-way little town, and a party of twelve of us started one memorable evening about eight o'clock.

It was pitch dark, and the road very bad; however, I should not have minded that a bit, had I been next to my idol—alas! though French, she was *that* to me *then*.

But unfortunately, I was between the fat middle-aged Marquis and a thin little woman, who chattered across me all the while in response to Madame de la Châtre's contradictions.

I cast a few despairing glances into the gloom of the omnibus recesses, but saw nothing, so resigned myself; when all of a sudden *the* voice called out from *the* corner, "Is Monsieur (meaning me of course) dead or alive!"

"Oh! alive," I responded, laughing, and the gloom swept away, a corner of the moon peeped through a black cloud, and smiled softly down on that sweet "mutine" face of the French girl, and our drive was gaily achieved.

The mine is a large deep ravine, somewhat like the Devil's Dyke near Brighton, only much deeper; both sides go down slanting to meet at the bottom where a little canal with running water has been made to prevent an explosion.

Both the sides are of massive coal.

Miners used to work there, but one day some accident

caused it to take fire, and it has been burning so into the entrails of the earth for years and years.

The canal constantly flows into the burning cavities, but nothing as yet has been able to put the fire out.

This was what we had come to see. The village is near, a desolate place, covered in black dust and ashes. We walked for a few minutes, and then entered the railing enclosing the tramway of the train, which works all night at the mines.

One of the lines runs all along the top of the bank of this dyke or precipice; it was quite newly made when we were there, and as we waded along, the sand would go rolling down into the abyss with a hissing sound as it passed over the burning sides of the hill, before precipitating itself into the canal.

I have said it was a very dark night, and the moon which had appeared for an instant to make me feel happy, had left us for the night behind a still blacker bank of clouds.

The scene was terrific. Our party, all laughs and smiles, felt somewhat awed.

Those red glaring coals, burning and smouldering in the deep black abyss; the little sparks and the thick smoke in certain parts, where the water contended vainly against the stronger element, all looked mysterious and unnatural.

Our guide was a very talkative man, and as he promenaded us about the lines, he did not at all see what was going on.

We were separated in groups of threes and fours; my idol alone in her white dress, flitting about from one to another, like a little fairy queen, marvelling, exclaiming, noticing everything, telling me confidentially it looked very much like the "Enfer," and then flying off again and disappearing in the dark, to make me long for her presence a little nearer to me.

Suddenly, as my eyes seemed rivetted on the blackening horizon, in hopes of seeing her re-appear, I seemed to distinguish through the gloom, a red light which approached rapidly. There were so many red lights on black grounds that I was quite dazzled, and did not make out until it was near me what it could be.

A cry of horror rose to my lips, when I found the red light

was an engine running on the line on which I stood, and two steps nearer to it was the floating white dress of that beautiful girl. She seemed transfixed with terror, and did not move.

Our guide gave the alarm, however late, and I saw the rest of our party take refuge in a hole on the right hand side of the line. On the left was the precipice, the fire, the "enfer," as she said.

I don't know how it happened, or how I did it, I only remember finding myself with the fainting girl in my arms, standing on the edge of the burning bank, with my feet pressed deeply into the moving sand, as it sloped down, smouldering and crumbling into the glowing coals beneath, balancing myself I know not how, while the train was flying past us in giddy breathless haste. I felt like a true hero. I was happier than a king.

She was safe; I had rescued her from certain death. "Poor timid little beauty," I thought to myself as I scrambled up the bank which I felt giving way under my feet, and deposited her on the line, looking back once more in triumph to see what a fearful death I had risked to save her from one no less fearful.

"Jeanne, Jeanne," cried the distressed voice of Madame de la Châtre in the dark, "where, oh! where are you, my child?"

Jeanne! I repeated to myself half disgusted, what an unpoetical, commonplace name, could it belong to her? that fairy-looking girl, now quite well again, and re-assuring her aunt and friends.

Could it? first disillusion! The guide hurried us out of the enclosed ground, excusing himself humbly for his careless negligence in not informing himself of the hour the trains passed, and risking all our lives in so shameful a manner.

Once more in the omnibus, I had the privilege of sitting next to Jeanne.

Jane, Janet, Jennie! anyway, it was most ugly; I hated the name.

Of course, the aunt overwhelmed me with her gratitude, and vowed she would never, never forget, that I saved her

niece's life, and that some one else would thank me also the next day.

Some one! who? it perplexed me; but I did not care to ask. The other friends chimed in also, until I hardly knew how to defend myself against so much flattery; for somehow I felt it would have been agony to me not to have acted as I did, and I therefore merited no thanking, but rather it was I who should feel grateful.

Oh! happy, happy youth; I even almost got over the dreadful name of Jeanne before we reached Néris.

Arrived at the beginning of the little town, we got out of our vehicles, in order to walk that short distance to the hotel, it not being allowed after ten o'clock for any carriage to drive in the street, for fear of disturbing the invalids.

The elders of our party grumbled. I and—so I believed—Jeanne were delighted. She took my proffered arm, and we walked along in silence. She had not thanked me; yet I knew she was grateful to me.

Just as we reached her hotel, a few seconds in advance of the others, we went under the porch, and rang the porter's bell.

She turned abruptly to me, and extending her little gloved hand, she said, "Thank you, brave Englishman, I shall never forget you." I felt almost miserable as she said those earnest words, so unlike her gay childish self, and scarcely knew how to answer.

I took the little hand, dear little hand, and kissed it behind the column. "Nor shall I you," I said very low.

Then there was a talk and a bustle as the party came up. Good nights and au-revoirs were proffered, and all separated, leaving Madame de la Châtre, her niece, and I, standing under the silent porch, awaiting the sleepy porter, who did not answer the bell.

"To-morrow," said the aunt, "after a few more grateful effusions; to-morrow, you will be thanked more enthusiastically, more fervently, than I can ever do."

"By whom?" I said, incredulously.

"Don't be inquisitive," she replied, kindly, "to-morrow *shall explain itself* and me."

I was furious, but knew not why. It seemed to me as though the good old lady treated me as a schoolboy.

"Oh! that portèr!" she exclaimed impatiently, "he does not open the door; I will go and rap at his windows."

Of course, I ought to have offered to go for her, but I did not. As soon as she left us one minute, I said in a voice that must have seemed stern to the girl. "Tell me who is to thank me to-morrow?"

She started, and only replied by a deep sigh, while I felt, rather than saw her brush away a tear.

I pitied her, but was cruel. I am sorry now.

"I *will* know!" I insisted. "Tell me, Jeanne?"

Another pause, then she answered.

"My fiancé!" the words came to her lips, as though another power and not her own will had forced them there. Was that power mine? I knew not; only the feeling that a knife had gone through my heart, made me stagger. Did I then love the beautiful child so well? Bah! her name was Jeanne, and she was a French girl, and if she had chosen to be happy for one short evening, why she had made me so for ten days, it compensated for all the present suffering. I tried to laugh, but could not; yet I had proved I could be brave, and proved yet further that I was a true Englishman, by leaving Néris by the early train next morning without bidding her adieu, bearing away with me only one short phrase: "I will never forget you."

It would have been enough for many—it was not quite enough for me, for see here, I have been obliged after five years' secrecy, to let my pen make you, dear reader, its confidant. Do not, please, laugh at my weakness.

HARRY.

[Note.—We are indebted for this contribution to a young Italian Lady, who appears to have well mastered our language.—ED. *P.*]

DODGES.—Police! Where are you? At 6 a.m. in the public-house; at 12 p.m. in the gentleman's larder. *If in doubt*, ask the burglar.

Boot, boy. Brush your boots? No; you use vitriol in your blacking *and have burnt my boots. If in doubt*, ask Day and Martin.

DODGER.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, of April 6th, expresses discomfort at the prospect of the speedy passing of "The bill to enfranchise women," and this discomfort finds expression in arguments not remarkable either for high logical power or for high sense of justice.

"The great beer interest" is invoked to *bar* the woman's progress, and we are told it is more than probable that the votes given to women, will be at the disposal of Sir Wilfred Lawson; for this probability, however, no sounder reason seems to be assigned than that there happens to be just now going on in the United States an agitation amongst the women, called "The woman's whisky war," but how this occurrence in America should lead to the inference, that the women of England should not exercise a wise discretion on this, as on any other points, we are at a loss to see. In all probability, the opinions of the women on bills affecting licensed victuallers would be as varied as the opinions of men have been, yet the licensed victuallers may thank the *Pall Mall Gazette* for suggesting to female voters, ample reasons for their predicted unanimity, and reasons, which might be supposed also to influence even right-minded men. "Drunkenness and excessive drinking," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "are distinguished masculine vices, but they are nevertheless vices of which the penalty falls as heavily on women as on men. The male drunkard is apt to get off with nothing worse than a headache, but his wife, sister, or mother, is constantly paying for his excesses in short wages, blows, or shame."

Now all these assertions may well be disputed, are there no drinking women as well as men? and does the male drunkard get off "with nothing worse than a headache?" and if it all were true, how generous is the *Pall Mall Gazette* in urging that woman shall be hindered from voting, lest she should apply her votes to remedying wrongs that the *Pall Mall* so feelingly describes—"Short wages, blows, and shame."

The *writer goes* on to characterize as "a leap in the dark,"

what some of the soundest thinkers of the day have considered a step towards the light, and vaticinates vaguely on possible fearful results of the Enfranchisement of Woman, citing from America cases alarming to the American Physicians "of Women who have begun life with overdoing the labour of the brain, and of the children of such women." The journal of the Anthropological Institute contains a remarkable paper on "Acclimatisation of Races" by the late distinguished anthropologist James Hunt, and read at the Exeter Meeting of the British Association; in this, the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* will find ample cause assigned for deterioration of race in America, without going into the theory that high education of the mother deteriorates the child.

Some of the first physiologists of the day have held the opinion that the child inherits the physical characteristics of the father, and the mental characteristics of the mother, and if this should be established, as a law of nature, it would point to the over brain work, and undue excitement of the men rather than of the women, as having been a gradual race-deteriorating cause.

It has long been felt that nations as well as individuals are bound to act in a spirit of rectitude, and that, even at risk of loss, such loss be it observed can only be temporary or partial, for ultimately right must ever lead to right, and it was in this spirit that England emancipated her Colonial slaves. It is evident that justice has to be done to one-half the population. England loves justice, and will surely grant it fearlessly and speedily, and we believe we need have no fear for the fate of "the Bill to Enfranchise Women."

A. K.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—At a recent meeting Mr. W. L. Distant read a paper on "the Mental differences between the Sexes." The question discussed was, Is there clearly proved to be a mental difference between the sexes. The discussion tended to show, that the mental divergence might be accounted for,—1, by sexual selection, difference of education, and force of custom;—2, by Physiological conditions, and *that as the race* progresses the cranial capacity of the sexes will be less *divergent, but* never identical.

PETITIONS TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

We earnestly exhort our friends to help the cause by promoting petitions in their several localities. The following is the form recommended:—

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

The humble Petition of the undersigned

SHEWETH,

That the exclusion of women, otherwise legally qualified, from voting in the election of Members of Parliament, is injurious to those excluded, contrary to the principle of just representation, and to that of the laws now in force regulating the election of municipal, parochial, and all other representative governments.

Wherefore your petitioners humbly pray that your Honourable House will pass a measure to remove the Electoral Disabilities of Women.

And your petitioners will ever pray, etc.

Write out the above form without mistakes, as no word may be scratched out or interlined, and sign it on the same piece of paper, obtaining as many signatures as you can to follow. After the written heading is signed extra sheets of paper may be attached to hold more names. The petition may be signed by men and women of full age, whether householders or otherwise. Make up the petition as a book-post packet, write on the cover the words "Parliamentary Petition," and post it, addressed to the member who is to present it at the House of Commons. No stamp is required, as petitions so forwarded go post free. Write, and send along with the petition, a note (post paid) asking the member to present it, and to support its prayer.

Written headings will be supplied on application to Miss BECKER, 28, Jackson's Row, Albert Square, Manchester.—*Women's Suffrage Journal.*

THE FOLLOWING IS THE TEXT OF THE WOMEN'S DISABILITIES REMOVAL BILL :—

A Bill to Remove the Electoral Disabilities of Women.

Be it enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows :—

1. That in all acts relating to the qualification and registration of voters or persons entitled or claiming to be registered and to vote in the election of Members of Parliament, wherever words occur which import the masculine gender, the same shall be held to include females for all purposes connected with and having reference to the right to be registered as voters, and to vote in such election, any law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding. Provided that no married woman shall be entitled to vote in such election.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any opinions expressed.]

We have received from a bantering correspondent the following account of a shipwreck in the year 1894, taken from a newspaper of that period.

WE regret to have to record the total loss of the ship *Henrietta Maria* the result of a collision in the Downs on the 23rd instant. He was a full rigged ship of 1132 tons register, owned by Mesdames Emily Wood and Co., the well known ship builders and owners, of Poplar and Crutched Friars. He had cleared out on the 21st instant from the London Docks, under the command of Captain Jemima Peabody, a most able and experienced seawoman, for Melbourne, with a considerable number of emigrants and other passengers on board, and laden with a large general cargo, and was, at the time of the catastrophe, lying at anchor in the Downs, about a mile and a half S.S.E. of Dungeness. About one o'clock in the morning, the woman on the look out suddenly became aware of a large steamer upon the port bow of the *Henrietta Maria*, which came rapidly on and, notwithstanding being loudly hailed by those on board the ship, struck him with

tremendous force just abaft the fore chains on the port side, cutting him down almost to the water's edge. As soon as the vessels got clear, it was found that the *Henrietta Maria* was making water fast, and could not long be kept afloat. The greatest confusion prevailed on board, but fortunately the night being calm and plenty of assistance being at hand from other vessels anchored near, the passengers were taken off, and it is believed that no loss of life took place. The ship himself, however, sunk in about half an hour's time with all his cargo.

The following is an account given by one of the passengers:—"We left the Thames on the 21st, and were anchored on the night of the 23rd in the Downs. There was a crew of twenty-two on board and eighty-seven passengers, including men and children, among the latter being a number of sturdy navigatresses, some of them with their husbands and children, who were being taken out to assist in the construction of the new railway from Wagga Wagga to Fort Johnson. The night had been spent in singing and merriment, the rough voices of the women and the shrill treble of the men and children, joining together to bid farewell to the Old Country, and about eleven o'clock all had turned in except the watch. It did not seem very long after I had retired to rest before I was awakened by a tremendous crash which threw me out of my berth. Hastily putting on a few articles of clothing, such as an old shawl, a flannel petticoat and crinoline, which I thought, in default of any thing better, might assist me to keep above water, I hurried up the hatchway. On deck all was panic and confusion. The oaths and shouts of the crew; the shrieks of the terror-stricken men and children; the loud rush of the steam blowing off from the funnels of the steamer which, had cut us down, and which lay to, hard by to render assistance; all tended to bewilder and confuse. I saw a sudden rush made past me towards the life-boat on the starboard quarter. All self-interest was abandoned, and self-preservation was the order of the day. Rough muscular women thrust aside delicate, helpless men and children in the struggle for existence. Several of the latter crowded round me imploring me to save them, almost beside themselves with terror. I endeavoured to pacify them as well as I could, and concluding that there was no immediate danger of the ship's going down, I went below again with a view of seeing whether I could save any portion of my slender wardrobe and valuables. Hastily putting my best bonnet in a bandbox, and making a small parcel of a few other articles of wearing apparel and jewellery, I came on deck again. I perceived at once that the ship was much lower in the water. The crew who behaved nobly, and to a woman stuck to the ship to the last moment, had succeeded in getting many of the men and children into one of the boats under the charge of the third mate, and one or two of their number, and assistance had been procured from other vessels anchored near at hand. I believe ultimately all were saved, some in the boats, and others by swimming, and on spars and pieces of plank. Some, however, had a narrow escape, one of the boats

when crowded with people being capsized through some defect in the davits or other parts of the launching apparatus: the henswain was only saved by clinging to a cockcoop which opportunely floated by. I was, myself, taken off by a boat from the steamer which had run us down, and I am thankful to say that my best bonnet is little, if any the worse. We ought all to be thankful it was no worse, but many have lost all their outfit and necessaries."

To the Editor of the Pelican.

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for calling attention to crawlers. I am not a betting man, but I met a friend well known on the turf at the Oxford-street end of Bond-street, who betted that before we reached Piccadilly we should find twenty-five crawlers. Would you be surprised to know that they numbered twenty-seven? and in trying to cross over St. James's-street, we were obstructed by five; two from St. James's-street; two from East-end of Piccadilly; one from West. Now this is an intolerable nuisance, and I hope you will give it your attention.—VERAX.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

[A correspondent furnishes us with information on Japan and the Japanese.]

JAPAN has for so long a time been completely separated from the rest of the world, that it has attracted a large share of the curiosity of Europe. Its name is a corruption of the Chinese name for the country, and means "Eastern Country," and is equivalent to Niphon.

The Islands which form the Empire of Japan, are intersected by chains of mountains, some of which attain the snow limit, and many are active Volcanoes, as Fusi, in Niphon, 13,977 feet high.

Slight earthquakes are almost incessant, and violent convulsions are experienced at distant intervals. Of such was the tremendous earthquake of August, 1873, which was accompanied by volcanic eruptions.

Rain in Japan is frequent, and the climate is much milder than in the corresponding latitude on the neighbouring continent, owing to the influence of the surrounding ocean.

The country abounds in metals, and is said to be richer in gold than any other country. There is a story that the inhabitants are forbidden to search for gold, lest by becoming too common it should lose its value.

Silver, copper, coal, and cinnabar are found in considerable quantities, *but iron is scarce.*

The area is estimated at 266,500 square miles, or more than twice that of the British Isles. Yeddo, the capital exceeds London in extent, and is not far behind it in population.

These Islands were first discovered by the Portuguese in 1342.

Japan has several distinct religions, but of these the principal are the Sintoo and Buds-do. The latter is closely allied to Buddhism, and was probably imported from Malabar, but it is of the former that I shall speak, whose fundamental creed is that, in the beginning, a self created deity sprung from nothing, and took up his abode in heaven. He then called into existence eight millions of gods. This original deity was succeeded by seven others, who reigned for countless ages, and who were called the *Celestial* gods. Over the eight million gods the principal deity placed his daughter, the goddess of the Sun, who however was to reign for only 250,000 years. She was succeeded by four other gods, called the *Terrestrial* gods, the last of whom married a terrestrial wife, and left on earth a son, the ancestor of every Mikado or spiritual Sovereign who has since reigned in Japan. Of all the gods, none seem to be objects of worship except the goddess of the Sun, and she is too great to be addressed, save through the Emperor or Kami. These Kami are demi-gods and are about 3000 in number.

But pilgrimage is the grand act of Sintoo devotion. There are no fewer than twenty-two shrines in different parts of the Empire, and these are visited by the devout at least once a year. The Japanese are not content with uttering prayers, they employ a wheel and axle for this purpose. On the spokes of the wheel are hung rings, and it is supposed that their prayers will be heard not "for their much speaking," but for their great noise.

The government of Japan is described by some writers as a federal oligarchy, and by others as an absolute despotism.

There are two Emperors, a Secular called the Tycoon or Sisgoun, and a Spiritual called the Mikado. There is also a council of a number of Spiritual rulers, over whom the Tycoon has the power of a veto. The Mikados are high priests as well as Emperors; in former times, if not now, they were confined to their palace, were not allowed to touch the ground with their feet, or to wear the same clothes twice. And it is a laughable fact, that the Tycoon who defrayed the cost of the said clothes, took care to have them made of the coarsest material. Up to 1585 there was only one Emperor.

The children of the lower classes are sent to schools where they learn to read and write, and acquire some knowledge of the History of their country. The children of the higher classes are sent from these to superior schools, where they are carefully instructed in morals, manners, the laws of etiquette, and the forms of behaviour towards every individual of the whole human race. They are also taught which days in the year are lucky and which unlucky. The boys learn arithmetic, the proper mode of

committing suicide, and under what circumstance this act is rendered necessary. At fifteen his education is complete, he becomes a man, his head is shaved, and for the third time he receives a name. His first name having been given at the age of thirty days, the second at that of seven years.

Exclusive of tanners and leather cutters, who are not deemed worthy of mention, the Japanese are divided into eight classes, the particular privilege of the first four classes being that they may wear two swords. Like those of Draco, the Japanese laws have no punishment but death, though the judge may mitigate the punishment as much as he pleases. In Japan every man is his own lawyer.

The Japanese year begins in February, and is divided into twelve lunar months, which contain more than the right number of days, since the Mikado adds two or three days to several of the months as he thinks fit. This error is corrected every third year.

One day of twenty-four hours is then divided into twelve hours, six hours between sunrise and sunset, and six between sunset and sunrise. Thus the length of an hour is continually varying, but, for convenience sake, such variations are regulated only once in three months.

Their language consists of forty-seven characters. Each representing a syllable. They write in columns proceeding from right to left, and descending from the top to the bottom of the page. There are two systems of writing, but with these I will not trouble you.

One more custom and then I have done. When the head of a family is attacked by disease, and there is no probability of his recovery, his garments are changed. When dead his body is covered with his robe, placed with the sleeves over his feet, and the skirt over his head, which is turned towards the north. They surround his body with screens, for there is a tradition that if a cat leaps on to a dead body it will return to life, but that if you strike the cat with a broomstick the body dies again, but if the cat is struck with any thing else, the body will continue to live—hence a severe law against striking cats with broomsticks.

HERMES.

PROGRESS.

NATIONAL UNION FOR IMPROVING THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN OF ALL CLASSES.

President, H.R.H. The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

Secretary, Miss Louisa Brough. Office, 112, Brompton Road, S.W.

Member's Subscription, 5s. annually, with the Journal, 7s. 6d., with all papers published by the Union, £1 1s. Life membership, £10 10s.

"To bring into communication and co-operation all individuals and associations engaged in promoting the Education of Women and Girls, so as to strengthen and combine their efforts; to collect and register for the use of members, information on all points connected with such education."

The Committee of the Women's Educational Union, have established Courses of Lectures for Ladies on Human Physiology, in various localities in the neighbourhood of London.

Courses are being given in Clapham, Croydon, and Streatham, and one has just begun at the offices of the Union, 112, Brompton Road. The Lecturer employed by the Union is Miss Macomish, a pupil of Professor Huxley. The fees for the Course are 10s. for members of the Union, 15s. for non-members.

LADIES' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION IN CONNECTION WITH UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

DURING the Winter Session, 1873-4, there has been a very satisfactory increase, as compared with the corresponding Session, 1872-3, both in the number of individual students attending the classes, and in the number of tickets taken for them. The number of individual students during the Winter Session, 1872-3, was 254, the total number of tickets taken was 339: the number of individual students during the Winter Session, 1873-4, was 273, the whole number of tickets taken was 394, shewing an increase of nineteen students and fifty-five tickets.

The number of tickets issued during the past Winter Session has been as follows:—for English Literature seventy-one; for the evening class of English (intended chiefly for teachers), sixty-one; for Logic, forty-six; German Literature, forty; French Literature, Composition, and Grammar, thirty-seven; Physiology and Hygiene, thirty-one; for the evening class of History (intended chiefly for teachers), twenty-two; French History, twenty-two; English Constitutional History, eighteen; German Language, fourteen; Physics, twelve; for the junior class of Italian, eight; for the senior class of Italian, seven; for the Dante class five. Voluntary written examinations have been or are intended to be held in the classes of English Literature, English, English History, English Constitutional History, Italian, and Logic, and certificates of proficiency and, in some of the classes, prizes will be awarded.

The classes intended to be held during the ensuing Summer Session, beginning on Monday, the 13th of April (the prospectus of which classes may be obtained at the office in University College), will consist of English Literature (subject, Milton's Poems); an evening class of English, French Literature (subject, the History and Literature of France during the great Revolution), Italian, Logic; and two evening classes of English History, the one for a general study of English History from the accession of Henry VII. to the Revolution, the other (intended mainly for candidates for the forthcoming Cambridge examination) for the special study of the reigns of William III. and Anne.

There is every reason to anticipate, from the satisfactory increase in the numbers during the past Winter Session, that the classes during the ensuing Summer Session, will exhibit a similar improvement upon those held during the corresponding Session of last year.

CAMBRIDGE ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The system of Lectures for Women, carried on by this Association, continues to thrive and is constantly increasing in usefulness. These Lectures are now in their fifth year. They offer great advantages to persons preparing for the Senior Local and the University Examinations for Women. The Courses are delivered almost entirely by College Tutors, Lecturers, and Fellows. The Association offers Exhibitions from time to time to successful candidates in the Examinations.

Persons wishing for particulars may apply to Mrs. Bateson, St. John's College Lodge, who can also give information as to terms and arrangements for persons from a distance who may wish to come into residence with a view to attending the Lectures. Persons engaged in or preparing for the profession of teaching are admitted at a reduced fee.

NORTH LONDON LADIES' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The Lectures are delivered at Wellington Hall, Wellington Street, Islington.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS LADIES' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The Hastings and St. Leonards Ladies' Educational Association commenced work last October, and has steadily made way, the number of students increasing from 30 to 150. The first course of six Lectures on Shakespeare was given by Mr. W. Watkins Lloyd, of London, then followed four Lectures on the Italian Poets by Mr. H. E. Carmichael,

M.A., two Lectures on Hygiene by Mr. Johnstone, and the Spring Season opened with a course of six Lectures on Physical Geography by Professor W. Hughes, of King's College, which has attracted the numerous audience before mentioned. Fifty students sent up papers and the Schools have been attended in large numbers. The concluding course of this Session is to be five Lectures on the Reformation by the Rev. T. L. Kingsbury. Classes for the study of Latin and Mathematics have not been successful, but it is hoped that these in time may be encouraged. All particulars of the working of this Association to be had from Miss A. Moore, Sec., White Rock Place, Hastings.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

The Hastings and St. Leonards Collegiate School was opened in January, with a view to supply a really sound, efficient, and practical education to girls of all classes. The fees are fixed at as low a rate as possible to ensure success, and are inclusive of everything but solo singing, drawing, and instrumental music; it is desired that young children should join and remain as long as possible. At whatever age after ten a pupil enters, the fee then payable will continue throughout her whole course. Boarders are received, fee Twenty Guineas per Term.

YORK ASSOCIATION FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

The York Association for the Improvement of Female Education has now been in existence about two years. Soon after its establishment it connected itself with the County Association—"The Ladies' Honorary Council of the Yorkshire Board of Education," and though retaining its own Committee and Officers and great freedom of action, it is entitled to advice and co-operation from that Society. During the two years of its existence it has been enabled to procure the delivery, at intervals, of three Courses of "Lectures to Ladies" by first class Lecturers.

It also arranged a course on health and food for Women of the industrial class, the Parent Society kindly providing a Lecturer. Simple courses of Lessons to Women of the above class are about to be given by Ladies who have volunteered for the work, in various districts of York. One class indeed has already been commenced, and a second would also have been formed but for the severe illness of the lady who had undertaken it. It is hoped that much useful work may be done in this way by the diffusion of plain sanitary information. The Committee have now under their consideration the establishment of a practical School of Cookery.

ALEXANDRA COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

For the Higher Education of Ladies, and for Granting Certificates of Knowledge.

Patroness—H. R. H. ALEXANDRA PRINCESS OF WALES.

We have received the Calendar for the year 1874 of the Alexandra College, Dublin, which comprises the Return furnished to Her Majesty's Royal Commission of Inquiry, and the Synopsis of the Courses of Study pursued at this College. We regret that limit of space prevents our quoting from this Calendar all that we should desire. We refer those interested in Women's Educational Progress to the Calendar itself, Hodges, Foster, and Co., Dublin, whilst we can but briefly quote from the Returns:—

"Alexandra College was founded in the year 1866 for the purpose of supplying defects in the existing system of education for women of the upper and middle classes—of affording an education more sound, more solid, more systematically imparted, and better tested than was at that time to be obtained in Ireland.

"The age of admission is now fixed at fifteen years.

"On the establishment of the College, Classes were formed and courses of Lectures begun in—

1. Mathematics...	Rev. T. T. Gray, F.T.C.D.
2. Drawing and Pictorial Art... ...	T. A. Bridgford, R.H.A.
3. English Language and Literature	J. K. Ingram, F.T.C.D.
4. French Language and Literature	M. De Meric.
5. German Language and Literature	Professor Selss, T.C.D.
6. Physical Geography and Geology	Robert J. Scott, M.A.
7. History, Ancient and Modern ...	Rev. R. T. Smith, M.A.
8. Latin	Rev. R. P. Graves, M.A.
9. Natural Science (Botany, Zoology)	Dr. E. P. Wright, T.C.D.
10. Science and Harmony...	R. P. Stewart, MUS. D., T.C.D.
11. Theology and Church History ...	Rev. H. H. Dickinson, D.D.

"The Religious Instruction is given in accordance with the doctrines of the Church of England and Ireland, but attendance on these classes is perfectly optional to the Student.

"A very remarkable and encouraging fact in the working of the system is the development and increasing demand for the higher studies, side by side with the necessity for elementary education, so that it has been found desirable to appoint Professors in many branches of knowledge which were at first omitted from the curriculum.* Of these, Ethnology and

* The organization of a course of Saturday Lectures held (by permission of the Board) in the New Building, Trinity College, Dublin, has greatly enlarged the usefulness of Alexandra College in higher education. Upwards of 200 ladies have attended these lectures each year.

Ancient Civilization (Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, F.T.C.D.), Comparative Study of Language (Professor Atkinson, T.C.D.), Greek (Arthur Palmer, F.T.C.D.), Italian Language and Literature (Professor Atkinson, T.C.D.), Astronomy and Elementary Physics (Professor Macalister, T.C.D.), are studied with enjoyment by a fair proportion of students who pursue them as an intellectual recreation after the main business of their education has been completed; while in the direction of accomplishments, the scientific teaching of harmony has ripened into the practice of concerted music, both vocal and instrumental, of a strictly classical character.

"ANNE JELLICOE,
"*Lady Superintendent.*

LECTURERS FOR 1873.

Rev. C. E. WRIGHT, M.A., Professor of Moral Philosophy, A.C.D.
Rev. J. P. MAHAFFY, F.T.C.D., Professor of Ancient History, University of Dublin.
FRANCIS A. TARLETON, LL.D., F.T.C.D.
ROBERT ATKINSON, LL.D., Professor of Sanscrit, University of Dublin.
JOHN TODHUNTER, M.D., Professor of English Literature, Alexandra College.
EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D., Professor of English Literature, University of Dublin.
Rev. J. M'IVOR, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of Dublin.
Rev. JOHN DOWDEN, M.A.
ROBERT Y. TYRRELL, M.A., F.T.C.D., Professor of Latin, University of Dublin.
Rev. J. W. BARLOW, M.A., F.T.C.D., Professor of Modern History, University of Dublin.

NEW HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN,

72, SEYMOUR PLACE, CRAWFORD STREET.

We have before us the Annual Report of this Hospital, to which we refer our readers for the value of its work. It is "the only Hospital in London and indeed in Great Britain, that is a Woman's Hospital in the sense of being officered and served by Women only."

MEDICAL STAFF.—*Visiting Physicians.*—Mrs. Anderson, M.D., 20, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square; Francis Elizabeth Morgan, M.D., 13, Granville Place, Portman Square.

CONSULTING STAFF.—*Physicians.*—Dr. Billing, F.R.S., late Exam. in Med. of the London Univ., late Senior Phys. Lond. Hosp., 6, Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane; Dr. Hughlings Jackson, Phys. Lond. Hosp., Phys. Nat. Hosp. for Paral. and Epil., 3, Manchester Square; Dr. Murchison, F.R.S., late Sen. Phys. Lond. Fever Hosp., Phys. St. Thomas's Hosp., 79, Wimpole Street; Dr. Broadbent, Phys. Lond. Fever Hosp. and Phys. St. Mary's Hospital, 34, Seymour Street, Portman Square; Dr. Priestley,

Exam. in Midw. Univ. Lond., Cons. Phys. King's Coll. Hosp., 17, Hertford Street, May Fair; Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, late Sen. Phys. New York Infirmary for Women, 6, Burwood Place; Dr. Routh, Phys. Samaritan Hosp., 52, Montagu Square.

Surgeons.—John E. Erichsen, Esq., F.R.C.S., Exam. in Surgery Univ. Lond., Surg. Univ. Coll., 6, Cavendish Place; George Lawson, Esq., F.R.C.S., Surg. Middlesex Hosp., and Royal Lond. Ophth. Hosp., 12, Harley Street, Cavendish Square; A. T. Norton, Esq., F.R.C.S., Asst. Surg. St. Mary's Hosp., 6, Wimpole Street; Thomas Smith, Esq., F.R.C.S., Surg. St. Barth. Hosp., 5, Stratford Place, W.; George Critchett, Esq., F.R.C.S., Surg. Royal Lond. Ophth. Hosp. late Surg. Lond. Hosp., 21, Harley Street.

Surgeon-Dentist.—Charles James Fox, Esq., M.R.C.S., L.D.S., Dent. Surg. Gt North. Hosp. and Surg. Dent. Hosp., 27, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

Dispenser.—Miss Stamwitz.

Secretary.—Miss Mary Parnell.

QUEBEC INSTITUTE,

15, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

In union with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and the Society of Arts.

The Institute is open to Subscribers, of either sex, above the age of seventeen years,* who will be admitted to all the privileges of membership on payment of the following terms (all Subscriptions dating from the day of payment):—

A Year's Subscription (for the first year)†	10s. 6d.
A Half-year's Subscription	7s. 6d.
One Quarter	5s. 0d.

A Reading Room is attached, supplied with the best current Literature of the day.

* Persons between the age of fourteen and seventeen years may be admitted to any of the Classes on payment of the Class Fees.

† The Yearly Subscription, after the first year, may be considerably raised; but persons joining on or before September 30th, 1874, will be entitled to continue members of the Institute at the Annual Fee of Ten Shillings and Sixpence.

EDITOR'S NOTICES.

The serials for this year will be completed in four numbers, thus making a complete volume for 1874.

The Editor invites communications on all subjects connected with the social and educational progress of Woman.

All communications to the Editor to be addressed "The Editor," 106, Marylebone Road.

Mr. Martin, of 9, Lisson Grove, N.W., will undertake to supply *The Pelican to* Subscribers, post free, on receipt of 1s. 4d. per annum,

THE PELICAN.

A Magazine advocating the Social and Educational Progress of Women.

PRICE THREEPENCE QUARTERLY.

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THE PELICAN:

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. 3. JULY, 1874. Vol. I.

CONTENTS.

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VOX PELICANI.

THE FRANCHISE.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH having as he states once signed a petition for Female Household Suffrage, has been led to reconsider the subject, and finally through the pages of Macmillan's Magazine, proclaims himself antagonistic to the movement. He sets forth at length his reasons for this change of opinion. He argues that the suffrage once granted to unmarried women must eventually be extended to married women, thus rendering the family not as now, a political unit, and "making it in certain cases the duty of the wife as a citizen, to act publicly in opposition to the opinions of her husband."

This view of the subject, if carried out in England, would point to the exclusion of females from the throne, for it is certain that a female married sovereign, in her duty to the State, may many times be compelled to "act publicly in opposition to the views of her husband;" but England has not hitherto perceived this difficulty, and we trust will in all logical consistency not raise such a difficulty against granting the Franchise to women. The unity of the family, and the domestic obedience enjoined by Christianity, of the wife to the husband, it is evident may remain intact, even under both

private and public difference of opinion; for surely no difference of opinion can be more important or more public than difference of religious opinion, yet the tyranny of enjoining on the wife the religious opinions of the husband, has not yet been thought of in England, even to secure to the family the position of a political or religious unit.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has been to America, and views the public life of women in the United States with disapproval; but he is wrong in arguing that the life of women in England need necessarily under progress, become similar to the life of women in America.

Institutions, laws, and customs suited to one nation, act very differently in, and are often totally unsuited to another. Republicanism which suited the Greek and the Roman for a time, and which appears to work well in the United States, will probably never work well, or permanently take root in France or Spain, and female progress in England will probably never take the form it has taken in America.

What appears to us the weakest point in Mr. Goldwin Smith's argument, is that in which he would withhold the Suffrage from Woman on the supposition that she would use her privilege amiss, that is, that her political creed would not accord with that of Mr. Goldwin Smith. This is but an assumption, and one we think unsupported by the probabilities of the case. Most of the Women actively engaged in struggling for the Suffrage, are by the very nature of their contest mingled with the ultra-liberal party, are themselves of liberal opinion, and would naturally support all free institutions, whilst that portion of the female community who do not desire the Suffrage, and who have not arrived at convictions inducing them to approve or to join the Woman's progressive movement, would probably vote, if they voted at all, either in the way Mr. Goldwin Smith assumes, or in accordance with the views of some adviser, but the number of these as education progresses will gradually diminish.

Woman has high conscienscious ness and sense of *responsibility: and* when invested with a power and a trust,

will make it her business to learn how best she may exercise them.

It is further evident that if Woman has a right to the Suffrage, the withholding it from her on any supposition as to how she will use it, would be a flagrant injustice, totally opposed to the spirit of English legislation. As well might we expect to find that our courts of equity in disputed cases of inheritance, should adjudicate not to the holder of the legal right, but to whom they considered would make the best use of the inheritance.

VOX PELICANI.

DIABOLUS.

THE social, educational, and political progress of woman, although it may meet with hindrance and delay, cannot possibly now be arrested. It involves a measure of simple justice and right which is becoming apparent to man himself, and the more especially to those men who are working earnestly and unselfishly for true world progress, and whose breadth of intellect informs them that the interests of the sexes are identical, and that man cannot possibly profit eventually, by endeavouring to crush and to stifle in woman the germs of her new and noble aspirations, or her sense of a duty to herself and to him, to which she has become awakened now that the fitness of time has arrived for such awakening.

Superiority of intellect has been hitherto the distinguishing feature of man, whilst superiority of morality has been held to be the distinguishing feature of woman. That this has been so is evident from the fact of the high reputation and renown accorded to men, even of the greatest laxity of life, if distinguished by great and commanding intellect of any kind, whilst a similar license has never been granted by public opinion to woman; for even those best disposed to extol her

in her gifts, have never passed over fault, where fault has existed. Neither in this has there been any injustice, for public opinion, which in the main is right in dispassionate judgment, has made allowance for the fact that the course of education for man, exposed him peculiarly to dangers of scepticism and infidelity, from which the course of education of the woman shielded her, and his after course of life, and free and unfettered mingling with the world at large, and necessary contact with its evil as well as its good, exposed him to temptations from which the woman found protection from her home and restricted life.

She is now called forth to face all those dangers of education, and all the temptations of broad intercourse with the world.

Will she in the hour of her temptation remember, how in the myth, she may pass through Avernus, descending even to Hades, not there to remain; to be in it, but not of it, and thence to lead and bring forth her partner, perhaps but for such descent not ever to be so led?

Will she remember that the era of the woman, which must necessarily complete the history of mankind, should be the era of the unity of the moral and the intellectual; of the true and desired equilibrium? We will endeavour to point out to her one, and perhaps the very first danger that will meet her at the outset, a danger which has arisen from a perversion of the sentiments of mercy and charity inculcated by Christianity, and which has led to a liberalism degenerating into license, and a confounding of evil with good, and of darkness with light. The ultimate dictum of this school of thought has been denial of—the Devil.

This denial of the Devil is exactly suited to the destructive and non-constructive spirit of the age. In truth this age has aptly been termed a sausage-making age. No worker in any field, religious, political, or literary, finding favour with the public, save he be a sausage-maker. The popular man in the Church will be he, who extolling the excellence of all the *faiths, and finding,* which he is sure to find, for all are more *or less faint shadows* and simulacra of the one true faith, an

element of truth in all, can best chop and mince all up, and with a seasoning of modern unbelief produce a charitable amalgam of all opinions, successfully destructive of every opinion, and leading to utter darkness, even as the painter on his palette by mingling all the colours produces—black. In politics the fusion of all views is too manifest to dwell on, for even the Conservatism that returned the last Parliament is a thoroughly liberal Conservatism. In literature where, if anywhere, we find extremity of view in authors of pronounced opinion, and especially in the daily and periodical press, where papers that are organs of a special principle or party, are by the principle of antagonism, and even as a condition of their existence, driven to express decided opinions, we still find the sausage-making art crop up, in the singular demand for, and supply of criticism, for criticism after all is but a making of sausage-meat of everybody and everything. The great chopping machine comes down on all alike, on the statesman and the author, on rich and poor, and on the dead and the living. The dress, the walk, the speech, and every small action of the great, are commented on; every event and ceremony of life is described, analyzed, and criticised, and in literature even so necessary to a known existence does this process appear, that the unknown author voluntarily plunges into the machine too pleased if it will condescend even to *cut him up.* How savouring of the irreverence of the age this seems when some mere grinder at the mill, rends and dissects the illustrious dead, commenting on, objecting to, and pleasing to approve of, heaven given and noble strains of which he could not for his life even write one bar, and when at last the Sacred Book is thrown in to be pounded and sifted with the rest, and when instead of hymns of praise to the Author of all in the early morn, and vespers of thanksgiving ascending with the songs of the stars at night, this miserable world sends forth to the spheres above, nothing but the eternal thud and clang of the chopping and disintegrating machine, and like a spoilt child seeks to rend and destroy the gifts and appliances, sources of its happiness, only for the satisfaction of knowing of what they are made.

It has been remarked that in this age together with the art of sausage making has arisen a new and marvellous appliance of the art of whitewashing. Characters hitherto blackened and begrimed by time, and by false historic record, have found for themselves in this Christian age restorers and whitewashers. Notably amongst these stands pre-eminent Thomas Carlyle, and a right noble work is his whitewashing of Oliver, who it must be acknowledged, even by those who differ from him the most in opinion, deserves the thanks of England for doing good besom work in that seventeenth century wherein the work was sorely needed, though scarcely did Oliver and his fellow-workers for "right of private judgment" and religious liberty, dream, that they were preparing the way in an after age, for the installation of a Catholic Archbishop of Westminster in England! Thomas of Chelsea, chief inaugurator of the new art of whitewashing, and one of, if not, the one, highest teacher of the age, has never erred in the principle of his noble art. He has done much and excellent whitewashing, but always has he discerned between the whitewashing of the man, which is the acknowledging and bringing to the fore of all that is good and excellent in the man, and the whitewashing of the evil and ignoble which may be in him and have been his disfiguring element in the past. Whilst producing the good, he never has faltered in denouncing the evil, never has he painted, black as white or represented darkness for light.

And this now brings us to our special subject "Diabolus." In this age of unbeliefs, unbelief in the Devil is growing and widespread, and this unbelief has crept insensibly even into the mode of thought of professed believers in revealed religion. Yet throughout the Gospels the Devil is proclaimed, not as a vague principle of evil, but as a distinct personality.

The limit of our space will not permit us to enlarge on this subject, but we refer our readers to one who has dealt with it far better than we possibly could do—the late Frederick Denison Maurice, in his third Theological Essay, which treats of "The Evil Spirit." This age, it has been

said, is a mincemeat making age, and the Devil ever ready to improve the occasion, has leapt into the chopping machine, and has come forth thence, no longer—the Devil, but a multitude of qualities and propensities laying chiefly at the back and lower part of our heads, and valuable, as imparting energy to the character. The age is also a whitewashing age, and lo! the Devil will be whitewashed; and has even found some, ready with the brush to do the work. "Poor ill-used Devil; How has an ungrateful world misprised and traduced thee! Whilst after all, perchance to thee it owes most part of its wonderful inventions; its arts, its architecture, its commerce, nay even its Great Exhibitions, its Railroads, and Telegraphs! for do not all these proceed from our love of ease and of pleasure, and from our emulations and ambitions?" And with such and the like sophistry does the whitewasher bedaub the Evil One.

A philosopher once made the notable discovery that Dirt was only "something in the wrong place." Yet this something in the wrong place, may if harboured bring down dire retribution on the harbourer, in loathsome insect life, in sickness, fever, and perchance in death, proving too truly that Dirt, still is Dirt, even though only "something in the wrong place," and though Evil may be described as only certain qualities perverted or in excess, yet that perversion or excess is Evil still, and indeed, the Devil must for all intents and purposes be the Devil still, throughout all time.

Let not the woman forget how from the first, enmity was proclaimed between Her and the Serpent, and that her seed must crush the serpent's head, and although her attribute and excellence may be charity and mercy, never may she make truce with, or show mercy to, Diabolus.

The Catholic Christian will be little likely to forget this; the dissenting Christian will remember how "Christian battled with Apollyon." May the Church of England Christian never fear to acknowledge that she is pledged as Christ's good Soldier and Servant, to fight not only the World and the Flesh, but—the Devil.

A. K.

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some extent the same laws apply to the human race, but they cannot be recognized in the sense, that their operation may be facilitated or even not resisted. Man is a moral being; has a soul as well as a body. Every man except a few philosophers, whom one would call heartless, except that one knows their creed to be a mere theory, which they would probably be as slow as other people to put in practice, recognizes that it is part of the duty of men to fight for the suffering, struggling individual, in the teeth of purely physical laws, or to speak more correctly the laws which would govern man's life regarded merely as an animal. Man holds his moral life on those terms. A society that would voluntarily regulate its laws according to notions of survival of the fittest and so forth, would speedily become by an inexorable process of demoralization, a society of brutes, and ultimately, even of very feeble and unsatisfactory brutes. Now the woman's movement viewed in certain of its developments is an illustration of the conflict between the laws of man's life, regarded as a race of animals (we do not mean the term offensively as indicating brutish), and the laws of man's life social and spiritual.

It is clear to any thoughtful mind that the problem of highly civilized life lies, in the fact which a great many people hardly realize as a fact, that a given area of land will in the long run only sustain a limited amount of persons. Its capabilities may be very largely increased by increased skill and knowledge, but not indefinitely. It is the absence of any exact limit to this increase of capability, that blinds people to the truth itself. It is urged that great portions of the earth are yet insufficiently cultivated and sparely peopled. This is true, but it does not really alter the case so much. It may be answered that it only shows, that the fullest solution of the problem is postponed; but assuming that the march of civilization progresses, and the savage and unhealthy regions of the earth are brought under cultivation, and become thickly peopled, the same question will then arise. No doubt it may be urged that it is part of the scheme of the universe that the seats of civilization, and power, and population, should shift

by a gradual process of rotation, as it is supposed that the sea and the land change places, so that there will always be an outlet for increasing population. Even if it be granted that this is so, this does not seem to us a complete answer. Before such laws as these assert themselves, a great deal of suffering and publicity is occasioned.

Emigration has great advantages, but it is not a panacea for all evils. It is abundantly proved that it is only suited for certain classes, and those not generally the most cultivated; certainly not those that are the product of the civilization of large towns. The woman's movement, regarded in its more special aspect, has a claim for greater scope, in respect of occupation, is the result of population pressing upon the capacity of the land, combined with high civilization. The extent to which, in this point of view it may be carried, depends upon natural laws, governing social development with which we are not even yet exhaustively acquainted.

Following the principle we have enunciated, we maintain that society has no right to tell people, that they are destined to be the victims of certain cruel and inexorable natural laws, and so far from endeavouring to assist them, to struggle for their lives, it will assist in pushing them down, to tell women because they cannot get married, they must lead empty and blighted lives, on the ground that the physical laws of nature point to the fact that their natural function is childbearing. The result of the present pitch of civilization of England is, that what has heretofore pretty well sufficed as a programme of existence for women, does not now suffice, because it does not provide for the case of many women. They are therefore entitled to try to widen it, and are entitled to the assistance of society in so doing.

DODGES.

BOOTMAKER.—Sole your boots, sir? No *emphatically*—your mode of soleing has destroyed the prehensile character of my foot, a well arched foot is the essential of the soldier for marching, and next to my head is *the most important* portion of my frame. *If in doubt, ask the Drill-Serjeant.* DODGER.

THE SILVER TEAPOT.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 51.)

"WELL, my dear," said Mr. Grey, "Aunt Mabel and I (she was always called *Aunt* Mabel after Gwendoline's birth) became acquainted with each other before I recollect the circumstance, for Lord Wilmot's estate and my father's joined each other, and the families had always been on intimate terms, so that we grew up together like brother and sister. My first remembrance of her was when I was about four years old, and she was about seven, when I had a severe attack of inflammation on the lungs, and she would come and sit by my bedside longer than any grown people had patience to sit, excepting my dear old nurse—for I never knew a mother's love, you know. Aunt Mabel used to sing hymns divinely—hymns I have never heard since. Two lines of one she used to sing, just before she left me in the twilight, have haunted me through life,—

> 'Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
> Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above.'

"I believe no one but that child and my dear old nurse cared much whether I lived or died, for you know, I was only a younger son. Dear Mabel! I loved her with a kind of chivalric devotion. Veneration, such as one might be supposed to feel for a saint, was what I felt for her. She was my guiding star, and she was, indirectly, the cause of my marrying one of the best of wives man ever possessed."

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Grey, blushing as prettily as a young girl, "I suppose you want me to return the compliment."

"A woman like Mabel," continued Mr. Grey, "is sure to *have trouble. Love* casts the first shadow on a woman's *life—her girlhood* is gone for ever—she becomes at once a

woman. I believe no woman feels much for the trials of her own sex unless she has truly loved one of the opposite sex. Aunt Mabel loved Spencer Elrington, and him only; women like her never love twice," and Mr. Grey patted his wife's plump cheek, and she smiled and said,

"If I had been left a young widow I would never have let any other man put another in the place of *that;*" and she touched her wedding ring. "But I do not blame widows who do so. But go on, I want to hear."

"Spencer Elrington was a commoner, and his father had 'made his money,' but his enormous wealth induced Lord Wilmot to give, after some demur, a cold consent to his sister's marriage with him. She was seventeen, and Spencer had just attained his majority,—that dangerous epoch in a rich young fellow's life. He had swarms of 'Toadies' about him, and he wanted the strength of character to steer clear of them, while they were determined to prevent, if possible, his marriage with a woman who would be certain to influence him against them. They succeeded but too well. Mabel was, several times, struck with a strangeness in Spencer's manner. 'Could it be possible,' she sometimes thought, 'that what some *kind* female acquaintances hinted at, was really true? Was the gifted, noble-hearted man of her choice—and so young too—addicted to the low vices of gambling and drinking?' About a month before her marriage she determined to look the difficulty bravely in the face, and to break off her engagement with Spencer if these reports proved to be true. She did not believe, as some women do, that it would ever be in her power to reform a man who was the victim of such debasing vices.

"One evening Spencer came in looking unusually excited. 'I am glad,' he remarked, as he shook hands with Mabel, 'that the Earl has retired, his touch freezes me even in this warm weather. Look!' he continued, opening a casket, 'this is for the wedding,' and he displayed an exquisite pearl necklace. 'Come Mrs. Hervey,' he cried, addressing Mabel's old governess (who had become her companion until her marriage), 'come and look at this necklace.'

"But Mrs. Hervey did not come from the farther end of the long room, where she was reading; neither did Mabel look at it; she stood erect, at a little distance from Spencer, with an expression on her beautiful face I had never seen before.

"'Why you all seem to have the 'blues!' Harry, why are you staring so at Mabel as if she were a mermaid, or something you had not seen before? I think I had better be off, necklace and all; indeed, I am due at a bachelor's party soon.'

"'Stay! just for a few minutes,' said Mabel, in a low, husky voice, as she stepped out upon the Terrace. Spencer followed her, and they walked up and down twice, and then approached the window, and I heard Spencer say, in a trembling voice, 'Then you will give me three months. Generous-hearted Mabel! and you will trust me when I come, you know I will be truthful—I will never, never deceive you, whatever else may happen.'

"'I will,' she replied, 'but remember, the man whom Mabel Wilmot marries she must *respect* as well as love. He must be her *guide*.'

"I was just about to retire from the window, lest I might hear more than I ought, when I saw Spencer dart off down the long avenue of elms, and Mabel stepped into the room. As she passed me she said, 'Harry, dear, I know I can trust you, that if you over-heard anything you will not repeat it to any one.' I returned the gentle pressure of her hand—she understood me. Two large tears were on my coat sleeve as she left the room, and I had to brush away my own, and blow my nose vehemently, until Mrs. Hervey said, 'she thought I had a cold coming, and the dew was beginning to fall, so I had better make haste home.'"

Mr. Grey now rang the bell for the tea-things to be taken away, observing, the servants would wonder he had not done so before.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next evening I was carried, with the beautiful old china service (the tea cups without handles), to the drawing-room, where Mr. Grey, at his wife's request, continued his narrative.

"I was, as you may suppose, inclined to feel very angry with Spencer, for I was quite certain Mabel was not in the wrong in all that seemed so mysterious in her parting from Spencer. She told me all, years afterwards. How she had prayed all through that terrible night, until dawn, that Elrington might have strength to resist temptation, and that she might have courage to keep her resolution if he failed. The Earl was not sorry she had discarded Elrington for a time, and hoped it would end in the marriage, which he had never liked, being broken off altogether. Still, there were times when, stern and cold as he was, he could not help looking uneasily at his sister, for she grew paler and thinner daily, as the three months passed wearily away.

"The last week had nearly expired when, one morning, Miss Tiddleton called. She said, 'she was sorry to see how thin Aunt Mabel looked,' and then asked, 'if she had heard of that disgraceful affair in Town, in which some young men had sadly ill-used a watchman, who was only doing his duty in trying to get them put in the watch-house, which was the best place for them in the state they were in? The man,' she added, 'was expected to die from the effects of the injuries he had received.' Miss Tiddleton then gave Mabel a letter which she told her she had been requested to give into her own hands. Mabel saw instantly that the address was in Spencer's handwriting, and written with a trembling hand. Dear Mabel! I was present at the time. I shall never forget her face. I thought she was going to faint, and rang the bell for a glass of water, which rid us of Miss Tiddleton's presence. My dear, I am afraid I hated Miss Tiddleton, at that moment—I am afraid I hate her now, although I really do not wish it. She certainly is the most unamiable woman I ever came across.

"Well, to go on, Mabel did not like to trust herself to open Spencer's letter. Miss Tiddleton had led her to believe that poor Elrington was one of the young men concerned in the 'disgraceful affair;' she waited until the Earl came home, and then asked if he had heard about it. He said, 'yes, and that Spencer was mixed up in it, in no way creditable to him, as a gentleman; that the sooner she finally broke off her engagement the better, telling her, also, that he had invited a friend to stay there, together with his sister, and he hoped she would make herself agreeable to them both. Poor Mabel knew not what to do; she dared not open Spencer's letter. At length the sad day arrived that was to seal her fate. I was standing beside her on the Terrace, where she had last parted from him she still loved, I was sure, more dearly than ever. I thought I heard the sound of the horse galloping in the distance. Mabel seemed to hear it also. It came nearer and nearer, and was evidently coming at a fearful rate. We stood waiting in breathless expectation, scarcely daring to look at each other. Presently Mabel seized my hand, and we both ran down the avenue together. Not far from the lodge gate, which the gatekeeper had opened quickly enough, as he hoped, to save an accident, lay poor Elrington, apparently lifeless. He was conveyed to the Castle, and never can I forget that slow and solemn march. Mabel looked like the picture of Mater dolorosa on the road to Calvary. You can form no idea of her ethereal beauty in her early youth. Every one who saw her on that fatal evening never forgot her as she walked beside Elrington's body, holding his still warm hand in hers, trying to feel if the pulse still beat. She gave every order concerning him clearly and distinctly, and then kneeling by the bed they had laid him on, she fixed her tearless eyes upon his face, and calmly awaited the arrival of the doctor, who, when he came, gave no hope of his life, but said that he might recover consciousness for an indefinite space of time, before he died. So Mabel watched through that long night alone, she would have no one *remain up, but* would ring if Spencer revived, and she *needed help.*

"I asked Lord Wilmot to let me sit up in the drawing-room, and then I prayed—I do not think I ever really prayed from the heart before—prayed for Elrington's life, for Mabel, and for myself, that I might never die a sudden and unprovided death. I could not pray long, like Mabel, so after sitting for some time, clasping my aching head with my hands, I fell asleep until the violent ringing of Aunt Mabel's bell awoke me."

F. L.

(To be continued.)

ST. ERFÜRT'S AISLE.

LOOK through the dim Cathedral Aisle,
In the dusk of twilight gloom,
A red cross Knight is kneeling down,
Beside an ancient tomb.
He hung his armour on the wall,
He paced the cold stones o'er,
The clash of his retreating spurs
Rang on the marble floor.
For three long days, for two long nights,
He'd kept his Vigil there,
He called on all the Saints above,
And deemed they heard his prayer.
The third night this—'twill surely bring
Some dream to glad his sight,
Some sign from heaven to lure him on,
And guide his steps aright.
Then while the darkness gathered round,
He rested, fixed and still,
As if the unseen Powers had held
Him captive to their will.
And not a sound was heard to break
The silence of the hour,
Except a lonely owlet's shriek
Across the Belfry Tower.—
At length the moon in splendour rose
O'er buttress, roof, and spire,
Till every shining pinnacle
Seemed fringed with living fire.

The spandrilled arches overhead
With gothic fretwork bound,
Threw 'neath the cloistered dim arcades
Fantastic shadows round.
And all the mullioned windows barred,
Looked lit with silver flame,
From the uncertain moonbeams' light,
That flickering went and came,
And striking on the rich stained glass
It blazed like jewels rare,
Of ruby, topaz, amethyst,
In broken fragments there.
And in the midst, reflecting down,
There shone three Saintly bands
Of white-robed Martyrs, Kings, and Priests,
With palm-leaves in their hands.
And one lay bruised and fainting there,
Whose eyes were dark with death,
None near to staunch his streaming wounds,
Or stay his fleeting breath.—
"Father! forgive them all," he cried,
His gaze then heavenward flew,
Where seraphs fair stood round The Throne,
And Christ beside them too.
A motto ran close underneath,
Enscrolled in letters bright,
"Ye that are faithful unto death
Shall wear a Crown of Light."
So martyred thus by cruel foes,
St. Stephen laid him down,
For only bitter cross like his,
Could win that glorious Crown.
Alas for me! the young Knight said,
Too hard this way to keep,
Then fearing lest his strength might fail,
He turned aside to weep.
But ere the teardrops fell he saw
A holier vision there,
All clothed in glory like the sun,
With rainbows round his hair;
One arm was lifted up above
And held a blazing sword,
It was St. Michael standing there,
The Angel of the Lord.
And at his feet, low crouching down,

A loathsome Dragon lay,
With glittering eyes and forky tongue
As if to seize his prey.
The Knight was struck in sore amaze,
His soul had well nigh fled,
He paused for breath while kneeling there
And prayed in fear and dread.
Then looking up with tearful eyes,
His courage came again,
He scanned the legend written round
The shining window pane.
"Flee all earth's sinful vanities,
Prepare for this world's strife;
Fight the good fight of faith below,
That gains eternal life."
Just then a cloud obscured the moon,
The windows darkened o'er,—
But soon her sparkling rays shot down
In brilliance as before.
They whitened all the monuments,
And hung like snow-wreaths there;
While dusky shades amid the gloom
Seemed stealing everywhere.
He saw one narrower window then—
Whose cross-bars spanned the light;
It's outline stretched across the floor,
Like Jacob's ladder bright.
And after this, one grander far
Than those he'd yet found there:—
He knew no sight in earth or Heaven
That could with it compare.
From the carved tracery overhead,
A piercing beam stole through,
Where all the motes like diamond dust
In shining spangles flew.
The window like a wall of fire
Glowed through the transept wide;
Amidst the gathering darkness there,
Which spread from side to side.
It cast such bright reflection round,
The Knight drew near to see;
And while he stood in silence there
The loud-toned bell struck three.

GWYNETH ALWYN.

(To be continued.)

RETRIBUTION.

EXHAUSTED with talking, she turned deadly pale, and Oswald laid her gently back on the pillow, while he ran to find Mrs. Kennedy. A low whining and scratching outside arrested his attention, and on opening the door he saw Tumna crouching on the hall-cloth, with flashing eyes, in a great state of perturbation, shewing his teeth, his tongue hanging out, while he seemed panting with fear.

"Why, what's up now, old fellow," cried Oswald in surprise, "so you didn't like being shut out, that's it, eh?" he said, stroking him. Tumna licked his hand, then catching hold of his coat sleeve, tried to drag him upstairs. Oswald now perceived what he had not noticed before, namely, that the passage was so thick with smoke you could not see across it, besides which there was a strong scent of burnt wood everywhere that somewhat alarmed him; he returned to the room again, Tumna trotting in after him, and taking the candle from the table, he told Ellen he would send Mary to attend to her. There was still light enough from the fire to see over the room, so promising he would not be long gone, he shut the door close to prevent the smoke entering, lest it might bring on a fit of coughing that in her weak state would be certain death. He now groped to the foot of the staircase, still followed by Tumna, and called several times for Mrs. Kennedy, but he could not make her hear, then Tumna ran up and down and barked loudly; this brought Miles out from the back room just in front of the kitchen stairs. "Holloa! sir, is it me ye're wanting?" enquired Miles, passing his fingers through the thatch of matted black hair which surmounted his bronzed flushed features, and rubbing his sleepy eyes, for he was only half awake and dreaming he was on the quarter-deck.

"There's such a dreadful smoke here," replied Oswald, "*and I've* called and called your wife in vain, just go and *find her, will you?*"

"*Aye, aye,* sir,—pass the word for Mrs. Kennedy;"

muttered Miles, as he swayed along the passage, his thoughts still running on the frigate.

"I don't think she's upstairs," said Oswald.

"Come on, Mary," shouted her husband, "here's the gen'l'man bin a-callin' to ye for the last half-hour, an' all the while ye're as deaf as a dormouse." No answer, not a sound save only the monotonous click, click, of the old dutch timepiece in the room below.

"Now then!" said Miles, "supposing you were to make yourself useful," and suiting the action to the word, he gave Tumna a push with his foot, while he indicated by a twirl of his fingers the way he was to go. The dog wanted no second hint, but frisked away as lightly as if he had been made of feathers, fanning each step as he went with his soft woolly tail. Hardly a minute expired, when he was back again (before they had time to follow), bringing in his mouth Mrs. Kennedy's white apron. "Well done, old boy, now I like that," said Miles, "that's what I call punctuality." The poor dog, however, was in an agony; for in crawling upstairs the apron string had got twisted round his throat, nearly strangling him.

"See what comes of taking what don't belong to ye," said Miles, gripping hold of the dog by the back of his neck while he disengaged the string. Tumna wriggled so hard to get free, that Miles could scarcely hold him, and presently he bounded off while they took their way downstairs; through the doorway they saw Mrs. Kennedy fast asleep, with her feet on the fender in front of the kitchen fire.

"Come, look sharp, Mary! here's Mr. Oswald wantin' ye," and Miles twitched tight hold of her curls till she screamed out. "Leave me alone," she said angrily, then seeing Oswald she became confused. "Oh! Miles," she cried, "why ever didn't ye wake me sooner."

"Wake you! why it wants a steam-whistle to do that, seemingly, and I hadn't got one handy otherwise you'd have heard news of me before, and now, if you are awake, I'd like to ask ye the meaning of all this smoke?"

"I'm not answerable for the smoke, so you needn't put it down to me."

"Do you mean to tell me you weren't aware of it?"

"Well, I did just notice it slightly when I was upstairs, and I came down to see about it, but as nothing came of it, I thought I'd stay here till Mr. Oswald called me."

"Just like ye, Mary, and while you were taking a wink of sleep, we might all have burnt in our beds; now I tell you what, Mary, it's my opinion that it's quite likely there's something wrong with the flues in your laundry, so you'd best look to it, for if any of the linen gets burnt or scorched you'll have to make it good, and what's more, the gentility won't invite ye to wash for 'em in a hurry, I'm thinking."

"Oh! there's nothing amiss there, she said for I've been all down right away to the ironing-rooms at the other side of the yard,—"

"And what then?" said Miles, doubtingly.

"Oh!" said she, "I was so frightened, there was a perfect crowd of men and boys shouting and throwing stones, and they tried to get over those further gates, so I ran away here as quick as I could and locked all the doors to be rid of their noise."

"The more's the pity," said Miles, slowly, "you should have come straight to me, and I'd have soon taken the wind out of their sails for them. Now ye know, you've lost a deal of valuable time, and there's no telling what mischief mayn't come of it."

"Oh, never mind," said Oswald, impatiently, "I dare say it was only a set of drunken colliers going home late, they're often very riotous on these holiday nights."

Fresh smoke began to fill the kitchen, and there was no longer any doubt that there was something burning somewhere.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mary, excitedly, that "some of the visitors have been dropping cigars about in the coffee room."

"Nothing of the sort, why, where are your wits gone to? Mary, don't I always put the gas out and shut the shutters myself, before I go round the last thing to see all's right."

"I wish you'd make haste upstairs," said Oswald, for Ellen was much worse when I left her than she's ever been yet; mind you keep the door shut on account of the smoke, and above all things don't leave her on any consideration, till I come."

"No, sir, I won't," and off she ran.

"Here! wait a bit, Mary, you must give us the keys before you go, we aint going to be smoked up here like rabbits in a warren."

"I can't stay a minute, you'll find the keys, if you climb up, in the little wooden bowl at the corner of the mantel piece."

"All's well," said Miles, as he watched her retreating figure up the stairway. He then seized a ricketty chair with the rails all loose, and rattled it down with a force that set the whole room shaking. "Steady there," said Miles, and getting up, he felt along the high mantel-piece for the little bowl his wife mentioned. Oswald was tired of waiting, and walked towards the door.

"You really musn't be long, for we can't afford to lose any time."

"I'll follow you, sir," said Miles, and scrambling hold of the keys, he in his hurry knocked the bowl off the shelf, and sent it spinning round in the middle of the room. In its fall it put the candle out, and as Miles stooped to catch it, it rolled right under the grate.

"My stars!" cried Miles, "how cross Mary will be, for she sets such store by that bowl."

"Why, it's not worth two-pence," said Oswald, who came back to hear what the noise was about.

"You see it's not the value of it, sir, but it belonged to old Will, and he brought it with him from off the frigate. Many years ago, when he sailed to the West Indies, once when they crossed the Line, there was a young officer on board who was struck down with fever, and ye know, sir, it's very hot in those latitudes, and when the poor lad lay tossing night after night and could get no rest, old Will never left him, for none of the others would go near him. After a

while he got better and was able to sit up, though he was too weak to do his work. Often when the time hung heavy on his hands, he made shift to amuse himself by doing a little carving, and he cut that bowl from a cocoa-nut shell; you'd find, if you looked at it, the name of the ship and his own initials underneath. After old Will's kindness, he felt a bit grateful, so he gave him that bowl, as a little memorial."

"Oh! indeed," said Oswald, "then you'd better pick it up; it's more easy said than done," and taking the tongs in his hand he raked the cinders in all directions without success.

"You'd better strike a light," said Oswald. Miles took a match from his pocket, but the touch paper being damp, it would not ignite, but only smouldered on the box.

"Try the fire," said Oswald, and Miles, seeing a faint glimmer near the hearth, proceeded to insert the match, this was followed by a short, sharp growl from Tumna.

"Mind what you're doing, or you'll put his eye out," and Oswald took a match out and struck it.

GWYNETH ALWYN.

(To be concluded in next number.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Pelican.

SIR,—I am obliged to you for calling attention to the boot-boy. My Wellington boots always bore a sole and I complained to my bootmaker, whom I had employed for thirty years, He replied, "I always supply the best leather, and you are the last man to whom I would supply any other, you have recommended me, and you have attended to my wife and family for nothing." He went away evidently distressed, and told his wife of our interview. She said, "there is a shilling out of my week's savings take a cab and go quickly to the Doctor, and ask him if he has his boots cleaned by a boot-boy." He came in haste and asked the question. I said yes. "*Then I am saved,* you do not know, sir, that the boot-boy's blacking *is fully charged with* vitriol and destroys the leather."

MEDICUS.

REVIEWS.

Taken at the Flood, by the Author of Lady Audley's Secret. London; John Maxwell and Co.

Miss Braddon has in Sylvia Carew depicted an utterly selfish and contemptible woman, and in Edmund Standen, an insipid ass, yet with her usual talent has succeeded in making her three volumes excessively attractive. We rather wonder that Miss Braddon's novels are in such request, and cannot but think that as women become more educated, the demand for novels, of the Ouida, Braddon, and Broughton school, will decrease. Surely, intellectual women will not waste their time over novels which are so utterly trivial, however clever they may be; indeed, we are amazed that ladies find amusement in novels, which are so insulting to their sex. Miss Braddon's novels are, in our opinion, not only useless, but decidedly dangerous to all who read them, their very beauty enhances their danger, for it is impossible to deny the great beauty of some of her writing, and it is equally impossible to deny the rottenness which their beauty enveils.

The very beauty of her expressions, makes us the more bitter against her novels—for a novelist who possesses such marvellous talent, and devotes that talent to enveloping the worst passions and the most contemptible natures, in an atmosphere of entrancing beauty, and thus while deadening our faculties, with her mesmeric language, awakens our sympathy for characters which, were we without the influence of her fascination, we should look upon with the greatest disgust, is obviously very dangerous. Reading novels like "Taken at the Flood," is just like opium eating, while reading it we are transported into an exotic land of feelings, the things of every-day life drift far away, and we float gently down the stream of life, our conceptions of right and wrong slowly merge into cloudy forgetfulness, and we regard everything that passes before us with a dazzled and uncomprehending joy.

None but those who have indulged in such reading can imagine the unfitness for every-day life that such reading engenders. Looking through the novel before us, we see in Sylvia Carew a vain, selfish, and disgusting type of girl, to whom we are introduced in two pages, entirely devoted to describing her personal attractions. "She follows no common type of loveliness: her placid beauty recalls the form and colouring of an old Venetian picture. The features are classic in their delicate regularity. The nose straight and finely chiselled, the upper lip short, the mouth a cupid's bow." Then comes the traditional slight reservation, "but the lips somewhat—the veriest trifle—thinner than they should be for perfection: the chin short, round, and dimpled, the forehead low and broad, the shape of the face oval:"—and so on for another half-page.—We really are at a loss to understand, how ladies can find entertainment in hearing one of their own sex described much after the manner of a race-horse in "Bell's Life in London."

We wonder women do not feel the insult to their understanding, involved, in this. We think the amount of harm such novels do is incalculable, but we are happy to say that we deem their days are drawing to a close. We see a future, when the literature of the Ouida, Braddon, and Broughton style will retire before the healthy and vigorous school apparent in the two first fiction magazines of the day, "The Cornhill" and "Temple Bar," in the former of which "Far from the madding crowd," and in the latter, "Patricia Kemball," are the vanguard of a better style.

R. K.

Teresina Peregrina; or Fifty thousand miles of Travel Round the World. By Thérèse Yelverton (Viscountess Avonmore). London: Richard Bentley and Son.

Two Volumes of really interesting travel, told in a simple, clear way, which well repay the expense of buying them. Lady Avonmore seems to have gone everywhere and done *everything,* and tells us her experiences in a style peculiar to *herself.*

R. K.

Patricia Kemball (current in *Temple Bar*). By Mrs. Lynn Linton.

A right welcome to Patricia Kemball. The pages of this new novel breathe of the sweet and healthy freshness of nature. After the many talented but unwholesome works now flooding on the novel reading world, wherein self and all the lower feelings are brought to the fore, and are made to take the semblance of a sort of heroism, and in which if moral excellence appears at all, it is clad in a colourless and washed out garment of insipidity, it is refreshing to find, as we find here, rich power of description, deep insight into human nature, high dramatic force, and vivid scene-painting, enlisted in a better cause.

The character of Patricia is a beautiful creation. A lovely and true hearted girl, bred up to girlhood by a bachelor uncle, a fine old naval Captain, amidst the solemn beauties of a Cornish home, and at his death transferred to the care of a married Aunt and to the artificial life of London, amidst the many trials this change involves, she is the true exemplar of the "Mens sana in copore sano" and is pleasant to gaze on, after the abnormal creations of moral and mental deformity now so rife in the literature of fiction.

We will let the Captain introduce Patricia thus:—"He took her hand; then laid it side by side with Gordon's as if measuring both together. 'It is a pleasant patte enough!' he said to the young man smiling. 'Not a fine lady's useless little fist, but a good serviceable womanly hand, that can handle a rope and dandle a baby both as they should be done. I'm thinking it will be a treasure some day to some one."

Nothing can be more graphic and beautiful than the opening description of Barsands, Patricia's early home, a fishing village on the North Cornwall Coast, and we wish we had space to give it to our readers. The interest in this story never flags for a moment; there is not one redundant page or even sentence, and all the characters are so real and true to life, that we feel them to be, as one by one they appear before us, not strangers but living persons, that we must have met before, and in all of whom we take a living interest.

A. K.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF PROGRESS.

THE SOCIETIES.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The Society of Arts held their Annual Conversazione at the South Kensington Museum, on Friday the 19th June. The Raphael cartoons, the Sheepshank's, and the National picture galleries were open. A very choice selection of music was given in the North Court by the Band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey; glees were also sung, at intervals, in the Lecture Theatre, by the London Glee and Madrigal Union. The Conversazione was most brilliant, and the members and visitors did not leave the Museum till very late.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

The fourth and concluding Conversazione of the present Session was held at the South Kensington Museum, on Thursday evening, the 25th ultimo. Several hours were passed very pleasantly by the members and their guests in inspecting the various art treasures, and in listening to a selection of music, executed by the Band of the Honourable Artillery Company, under the direction of Signor G. Tamplini. Indeed, the pleasantness of these gatherings could hardly be surpassed, and all who have attended them must be looking forward with interest to January next, when the commencement of the Society's seventeenth Session will lead to their resumption.

MATERNAL HEALTH SOCIETY.

This Society, through Miss Toulmin Smith, the Secretary, has offered the London School Board a sum of £100, to be invested by the Board, the interest arising therefrom to form a fund for annual prizes, in elementary or applied physiology, to be given to girls in any Board School in which physiology is taught. The offer has been accepted by the School Board. —*Local Government Chronicle.*

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Miss Brandreth and Miss C. C. Astley, have been lately elected *members.*

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

Miss A. W. Buckland read a Paper on "Mythological Birds Ethnologically considered." The Paper commenced by indicating the process by which several tribes in the stage of Totemism afterwards exalted their tribal Totems into gods, and went on to show that that early phaze of religion could be clearly traced in ancient Egypt. Many legends from various countries were quoted to prove that birds were especially regarded as the abodes of departed spirits. The chief object of the author was to prove that, in tracing the bird legends to their source valuable ethnological results might be obtained, and a clue afforded to the migrations of man in pre-historic times.—*The Athenæum.*

LONDON ANTHROPOLOGICAL.

Miss E. Wallington read a Paper on "Physical and Intellectual capacities of Woman equal to those of Man." The debate continued through two meetings.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL.

May 12th. Mr. F. Galton read a Paper on "The excess of Female population in the West Indies."

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHÆOLOGY.

Miss E. Bagster, Mrs. Crosbie, Miss M. Henderson, Mrs. Lennox, and Mrs. C. D. Marston, have been elected members.

LITERARY AND FINE ART PROGRESS.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel "We and our Neighbours" deals with the temperance question.

The Fine Art medal, called the Stock Prize, offered for the best cameos designed and executed on any of the usual shells, has been awarded to Miss Emily Addis Fawcett.

Mr. C. G. Seland (Hans Breitman), Professor E. H. Palmer, of Cambridge, and Miss Tuckey, author of Veis de Société, are preparing a volume of ballads in the English Gipsey dialect, with metrical English translations.

The Autobiography of the late John Stuart Mill, has been translated into French, by M. E. Cazilles.

Miss C. Rossetti will bring out, a little before Christmas next, a new volume of tales.

Miss Blind will add an original memoir of Strauss, and a translation of Strauss's postscript to the third edition of the English translation of "The Old Faiths and the New." It will appear shortly.—*The Athenæum.*

A memoir of Mr. William Smith, the author of "Thorndale," written by his widow, has been printed for private circulation.

Mrs. Augusta Webster has published "Yu-pe-ya's Lute," a Chinese tale, in English verse. (Macmillan and Co.)

The Athenæum says, "The result of the employment of female labour in some of the Edinburgh printing offices, consequent on a strike which occurred upwards of a year ago, has been satisfactory. A number of women are now working in some of the chief establishments in the Scottish capital."

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

The first prize in Jurisprudence was awarded to a young lady, who two years ago at the same college achieved a like success in Political Economy. The second place in the same class was obtained by another young lady. Another obtained honours in Political Economy, and prizes were gained by three and certificates by several in the Fine Art Classes.

The Senate of the London University has adopted by seventeen votes to ten, the following amendment on a proposal to obtain a new charter enabling the University to confer degrees on Women:

"That the Senate is desirous to extend the scope of the Educational advantages now offered to Women, but it is not prepared to apply for a new charter to admit Women to its degrees."—*The Lancet.*

LECTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Lecturer on Anatomy, John Marshall, F.R.S., F.R.G.S. A course of Twelve Lectures on Anatomy, as applicable to the Arts, is given in each Session. The Spring course may be attended by ladies. Fee for the course 6s. For a single Lecture 1s. Other Lectures are delivered occasionally, which will be duly announced.

SCHOOLS OF ART.

Metropolitan District Schools of Art are now established at the following places:—1. The Female School of Art, 43, Queen Square, Bloomsbury; 2. City and Spitalfields, New Bishopgate Ward Schools; 3. St. Thomas Charterhouse, Goswell Road; 4. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Castle Street, Long Acre; 5. Lambeth, Miller's Lane, Upper Kennington Lane; 6. St. Mary's, Hide Place, Vincent Square, Westminster; 7. West London, 204, Great Portland Street; 8. North London, Sandringham Road, Kingsland. These Schools are open in the evening from 7 to 9.

There are Female Classes at each of these Schools. Applications for Admission, Prospectuses, or any other information, to be made at the Schools in each district.

There is an Annual Examination for Prizes in all the Schools, and a *National* Competition.

By Order of the Committee of Council on Education.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

CAMBRIDGE ASSOCIATION, FOR PROMOTING THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

It is well known to those interested in the higher Education of Women, that a regular system of Lectures was started in Cambridge some four years ago. Of such Lectures fifteen courses were delivered in each term of the past academical year; and further, as part of the same system, private instruction was provided in several subjects for more advanced Students. Besides these courses, women are now allowed to attend most of the public Lectures delivered by the Professors of the University.

The primary object of the system of instruction arranged specially for women, is to afford a thorough preparation for the higher local Examination established by the University some years ago for women over eighteen. But for Students who having passed this Examination, desire to proceed further, more advanced instruction is provided.

Particulars as to terms, regulations, etc., can be had on applying to Mrs. Bateson, St. John's College Lodge, Cambridge.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

The College seems steadily progressing, and the Students are anxious to offer themselves for the Local Examinations, for which several Prizes are offered. Friends have kindly promised to double the value of the special Prizes they will give if gained by Students from the College. Arrangements are being made for the ensuing term for Lectures and Classes to be given by eminent masters.

FEMALE DISPENSERS.

It does not seem to be well known that the Examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain are open to women. To become a registered Student of the Society, it is necessary first to pass the preliminary Examination in the elements of Latin, English, and Arithmetic; and to become a Chemist and Druggist, and be enabled to open a shop, the minor Examination in Prescriptions, Practical Dispensing, Pharmacy, Materia Medica, Botany, and Chemistry must be passed. The higher or major Examination confers the title of Pharmaceutical Chemist on the person who passes. Students, female as well as male, can attend the Lectures that are given daily at the Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury Square. (Fees £4 4s.) The Council of the Pharmaceutical Society have thought fit to close their Library and Laboratory to the lady students, but we *understand that* Dr. Mutes has no objection to receiving lady students *at his South London* School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington Road.

THE LONDON ASSOCIATION OF NURSES,

74A, New Bond Street, London, W.

This Association has been formed for the advantage of the public and of Nurses.

Of the public, because the Superintendent before entering the name of any nurse as a Member has received references which have adequately satisfied her that the applicant is of good character, and equal to the performance of her duties, because it is important to doctors and to the sick to be able to secure nurses at a short notice, and to be sure that the right nurse for the case is sent. One nurse will have a special faculty for tending old people, another for nursing her own sex only, another, while perfect in her management of a man suffering from delirium tremens, would be utterly unfit for the care of a recent mother and her babe. While thus exercising a wise discretion, only to be earned after much practice in training nurses for the sick room, the Superintendent is able to benefit not the patient alone, but his friends; and the Doctors, as she guarantees efficiency in the various classes of hospital trained nurses sent out from this Association, viz., Medical, Monthly, Mental, Surgical, Fever, and Small-Pox Nurses.

The nurses, whose speciality it is to attend infectious cases, are never in contact with those who do not, as each lives in her own house near the office of the Association, so as to be at hand directly she is needed.

Nurses are supplied to the poor as well as to the rich.

The advantages to nurses of this Association are, that through it they hear of more regular work than if they were not thus registered.

That their earnings belong to themselves, that they are not entirely separated from their families, but in the interim of their engagements have the pleasure of being with their relatives.

It is well known that Nurses earn more money than almost any other working women, yet strange to say, as a class, only a small portion of their earnings is paid to them. As a rule they are gathered into "Sisterhoods" and "Homes," and are paid small salaries, while their larger earnings are paid to a fund, which help to support the Sisterhood, or furnishes nurses to the sick poor, or goes towards the maintenance of a Hospital, or into the pocket of the proprietor of the "Home."

This Association however, is based upon the principle that "the labourer is worthy of her hire," and therefore is particularly useful to a large number of women who, having unfortunately become widows in early life, are obliged to work for their fatherless children.

The terms for the hospital trained nurses vary considerably, some being willing to work for 10s. or 12s. per week, whilst others are paid from one to four guineas per week.

The Association also supplies Nursery Superintendents, Head Nurses, *and Nursery Maids.* Wet Nurses are carefully selected, and supervision is *given as to the* places and people where their children are placed.

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THE PELICAN:

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VOX PELICANI.

WOMAN'S TRUÉ PATH.

MATER POPULI.

WELL may the English be proud of their nationality! England is by its special geographical position the land of gradual and therefore solid maturation.

Its geological formation, and its coast line, determined not by sudden volcanic agency, but by slow accretion, and gradual changes; its vegetation and animal life, not those of highly stimulated regions, wherein life is quickly perfected to as quickly fall into decay, it is certain that its moral, intellectual, and political progress simulates its physical conditions, and undisturbed by revolution or sudden change, the land and its people have ever attained in each age and generation to all of progress and development, fitted for each age and generation's requirements. By this method alone is solid and permanent progress to be attained.

Sudden volcanic change in the purely physical order is ever liable to sudden volcanic disruption, and in the moral and intellectual parallel the rule holds good.

Volcanic, that is to say suddenly introduced methods of change of politic or institution have rarely held their ground *in any time or nation*, and as a simple parable of nature we

may all note the difference between rapidly grown and temporary mushroom vegetation, and the solidity of the truly British, slow-grown, and storm-defying oak; and such is the tree of English liberty.

The women of England must not evince impatience at the apparently slow and tardy recognition of their rights. The Session has passed by without their obtaining the Franchise, but that, as well as other powers and privileges, they will surely obtain, when the time has arrived for their using those powers and privileges aright. The Franchise has already been granted to men perhaps scarcely fitted to exercise it, such premature progress inviting and authorizing retrogression and tory reaction, and it perhaps may not be wise to regret that woman is not yet enfranchised. Possible unfitness of any number of female voters might provoke a legitimate animus against the concession.

The education of woman has hitherto been so incomplete, and ill-calculated to produce an enlightened voter, that we have to acknowledge that there, she is not yet equal class with class to the man. To education we have to look to hasten on the time for her enfranchisement. We view the exercise of the Franchise as a solemn—indeed a most solemn trust. It is not only the expression of an opinion, but involves important governmental issues, and whilst we hold that all shall be free to express opinion, we hold also and that strongly, that where opinion involves important governmental issues, expression of opinion should only be granted to those sufficiently informed to form a just opinion.

The immediate duty of woman, whilst not failing to push on, in every way the movement for enfranchisement, and the removal of all existing disabilities involving injustice to her sex, is, at the same time to fit the sex for increased power and responsibility. We do not think there is any opposition in England to rational development and progress of woman, *as woman*, but from unwise example abroad, which has unfortunately to a certain extent been followed here, there *prevails a widespread* distrust of the real meaning of the *woman's movement*. There is too much talk of Woman's

Rights, which identifies the movement with Rights of Man, and Party of Disorder, and there is too much said and done to induce an opinion that woman desires to unsex herself, and in every way to become the rival, and not the helpmate and complement of man.

She must for ever understand that there is no wisdom in striving against eternal law of nature and of Christian Revelation. She must remember that the highest characteristic of woman must ever be the maternal, and that the maternal nature in its infinity of love and sacrifice, must ever be her highest model and aspiration. If, in a spirit, not of arrogance, but of unself, she seeks power only where she sees that the female element is needed for the good of all, she is thus in accordance with her place in nature, and will thus best command success.

In no way does it appear to us that the voice of woman is more called for, than in the control of the amusements of the people. The amusement of the people is at present furnished by private speculation, or by companies who, so to say, *sell* entertainment to the public. These places of amusement contend with each other for mercantile success, and the managers and proprietors, many of them persons of reputable private life, and of good feeling, and in no way desiring to injure the public morality, are yet tempted to this by a spirit of emulation, and in fact by the necessity of making money and avoiding failure, as the venture and speculation in these cases is generally large.

Vice is, unhappily, all too attractive; some specially vicious piece (for the credit of England it may be said that such pieces are mostly imported) being produced at one house, the attraction is so great that other houses in self-defence, are induced to seek for their boards some piece more vicious still, and the only remedy against this poisoning of the public mind, lies in the renewing of licenses, and the occasional censorship of the Lord Chamberlain, a censorship it must be remarked, often increasing instead of removing the *grievance*. The Lord Chamberlain exercises his censorship, some slight alteration is made in obedience to this, and

the piece runs on, as flagrantly mischievous as ever, whilst all the world flocks to see what the Lord Chamberlain has condemned. Under all this, if Christian faith and Christian ethics were not only in word, but in fact, the faith and ethics of England, no Englishwoman would enter, or would not sorrow to see son or daughter enter, nine-tenths of the places of entertainment of the Metropolis. Amongst the favourable exceptions may be mentioned time-honoured Drury Lane, with its frequent Shakesperian revivals and merry memories of Christmas Pantomime, and some other places where the public taste is elevated by good plays and the performance of high-class music.

Knowledge of human nature teaches us that there is nothing more potent in the education of a nation than the nature of its recreation. The uncivilized races know this, the noblest of the past civilizations knew this, whilst Christian England apparently ignores it. It must be remembered that women as well as men, girlhood as well as boyhood, share in the public entertainments, and if ever the help of woman were called for, it surely is called for here, to share in discerning, in the spirit of a true and pure, yet loving and indulgent—Mother of the People—as to what, for her children is good and pleasant food, or baneful poison destructive both of soul and body.

A. K.

VOX PELICANI.

THE SUFFRAGE.

WE urge all interested in our cause to vigorously canvass for signatures to the Petition, which can be obtained from Miss Becker, 28, Jackson's Row, Albert Square, Manchester. In this manner, all can lend most material aid. The *Petition* lies open for Signature at 106, Marylebone Road.

PETITION!!!

LEGAL EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

To the Editor of the Pelican.

NOTWITHSTANDING the well-known adage, arising out of the old burgomaster's advice to defend Bergen op Zoom with leather, I am tempted to make a few remarks as to the study of the law as part of the education of young ladies.

I do not, however, propose in my advice, that they should adopt the law as a profession. I do not doubt that a black robe, whether of serge or silk, could be worn with much grace and elegance by any lady; snow white bands and neat ties could be framed so as to adorn the neck. But though artificial curls and ringlets are not unknown to our fair friends I do not think that by any contrivance the *Nisi Prius* wig could be made other than hideous on their heads. As to the full bottomed wig the very idea is revolting.

If there would be this difficulty in regard to the higher branch of the profession, what can be said as to the second branch? How would it be possible to dress a female attorney? She could not wear the neat precise black suit and white neckcloth of the solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, nor the slouching careless and too often soiled dress of the bustling attorney of the city, nor the top boots, dusty coat, and thick wrappers of the country practitioner.

The matter of costume is therefore very formidable. Still it might be surmounted. A greater difficulty remains. It must be acknowledged that however grand may be the science of the law its practise descends rapidly in the scale of estimation. The legal adviser, whoever he may be, can seldom pass many months without being brought into contact with such an amount of crime, or with such disgraceful transactions as no truly feminine nature could endure.

The active practise moreover requires constant physical

endurances in crowded courts or on long journies for which the female constitution is not framed.

What then am I going to say? I propose to recommend that in the education of girls, they should be instructed in the laws of their country. I consider that this should be the case in the education of all youth, and it is I think much to be regretted that no attention is paid to the subject in the case of boys.

By the rule of our law every person, man or woman, adult or child, is bound to be acquainted with the law of the land. It is true that exception is made as regards crimes and offences in regard to very young children, and some allowances are made in certain matters as regards persons under the age of twenty-one. But there is no distinction as regards sex. A woman is equally amenable in law for her actions as a man.

But how is this law learnt? Some part of the law depends on moral precepts, or the duties inculcated by religion, and are learnt accordingly. But the greater part is the result of human institutions and the decrees of the Legislature of the country.

If the inhabitants of this empire are bound to know the law (and it would be impossible to live in it unless such a rule were established), they ought to be taught it. But on this point the education of youth in this country fails.

It is this default which I would remedy. As your magazine is devoted to the female sex, I confine my remarks to them. I would recommend that at the time when the histories of this country, that of our neighbours, and that of ancient times are taught to young girls, they should be instructed generally in those laws which they will be required to know and obey. The minute details which form the subject of a profession are of course out of the question, but there would be no difficulty in providing them with a very reasonable amount of knowledge without any very great strain upon their time or understanding. If it be said that the law is now a huge mass of *intricate* learning, that it is to be found in many volumes of *statutes and reports*, so as to have become almost like the

law of the Roman Empire, "a burthen for many camels," I answer, that there would be no great difficulty in providing such an abstract, or summary of the leading principles and rules as could readily be studied by youth.

When our present sovereign, who has so admirably conducted herself in her character of the constitutional monarch of this great empire, was in her early youth, she was placed by those who had the care of her education under the instruction of one of the ablest lawyers of those days, and was by him taught what the law of England required the sovereign to do, and what were the privileges and what the prerogatives attaching to that office.

Why should not every woman be taught what are her legal duties, rights, and powers according to her different capacity as maid, wife, or widow? As regards a maiden it is said she has her father or her brother to guide and advise her, and may trust to them; but without urging that even their interests may sometimes possibly be adverse to her own, she cannot always be able to rely upon obtaining from them the advice she may want. She may be even while young an orphan, and if not in her childhood, must afterwards expect to become one, and if she pass her days unmarried, will find herself constantly engaged in the business of life which involves more or less of the application of the laws of her country.

But if she marry it has been considered that her husband would have charge of her, would guide her in the few matters in which she could have anything to transact, and would be in many respects answerable for her conduct. Even in former times she had certain rights, particularly as against her husband, which it was oftentimes most necessary she should know, but recent legislation has placed her in a very different position. She has now become as respects her own property, her own earnings, and her own responsibilities, independent of him, and it is of the greatest importance that she should be informed of the legal consequences of those new laws.

But she must look forward to becoming a widow. Then

what new duties and powers will devolve upon her? She will be called upon to administer an estate of more or less value, perhaps to provide for debts, claims, or legacies, and to have the charge of children, sometimes young and requiring to be educated, sometimes grown up with conflicting interests, willing but unable, or able but unwilling, to advise her in her new state.

Oh! but she has her solicitor, she can apply to him. He will carefully lead her through all her difficulties, will manage her affairs for her, preserve her from error, and save her property from loss. Yes! but how helpless is a poor woman in this position! however trustworthy, however able and experienced he may be, she must often be fearful of some mischance. Her entire ignorance of the law makes her dread every step she takes, even under the best advice.

I will not pursue this subject further. I have, I think, said enough to direct attention to this point in female education. It is one of necessity, it is one in my opinion reasonably practicable, and one which may in many cases be substituted for something which may be more brilliant or interesting but far less useful.

M. T.
(One of Her Majesty's Counsel.)

September 5th, 1874.

ADVICE TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

NEVER give your works to friends or acquaintances. Let them find out through the reviews, even if they be bad ones, that you have written something. A friend will, probably, give your copy to some one who he thinks "understands the thing," who will, very likely, place it on the top shelf in his library, where it may chance to remain until you are in your grave, or have reaped the reward which public opinion always gives to true merit. Unless you have gained this, acquaintances, and even some friends, will be apt to hyper-criticise the work of one who is personally known to them. *Young authors should* always seek the aid and advice of a first-class *publisher.*

THE SILVER TEAPOT.

By F. Leslie.

Chapter V.

(Concluded from page 99.)

I WAS the first in the house to reach the dying man's room, where I found him supported in the arms of Aunt Mabel, who was trying to catch the faint sound of his voice, for he was now, evidently, conscious. Mabel grasped in her left hand an open letter.

"Yes, Mabel," gasped poor Spencer, "I die resigned, now that you know the truth, and forgive me."

"O, Spencer! Spencer! It is I who need forgiveness. Would that I could die for you, or with you," groaned Mabel.

"No, Mabel, it is all right; I might be tempted again. Do not grieve when I am gone, but try to bring sinners to repentance. Promise me this, it is all I ask of you."

"I promise to try," replied Mabel, as she wiped the cold drops that were now gathering on Spencer's brow, "and may God help me!" she then gave me the letter she held in her hand, saying, "read it, and let its contents be made known. My head reels. Take care of it."

Spencer cast a look of thanks at Mabel—he pressed her hand, and then fixing his eyes on the eastern window of the room, he said slowly, and distinctly, "O, my God, I love, and thank Thee, I am so sorry for all my sins. Take my young life, but forgive me for His sake who died for——" Here his voice sank, and I helped Mabel to raise him up; but he did not look at *her* again. The large brown eyes shone with an unearthly lustre, and still rested on the eastern window, with such an earnest, loving, and yet half-supplicating gaze, that I could almost fancy they saw there some heavenly visitant waiting to waft the penitent soul to the world of spirits. It was a solemn moment. I had never seen death before. Lord Wilmot, Mrs. Hervey, and the

domestics were now in the room, but the stillness was only broken by a low sob, at intervals, from one of the servants. At length Spencer slowly closed his eyes, and with a smile on his lips, he seemed to fall asleep like a tired child in the arms of Mabel. A sharp cry of agony escaped her as she laid his head on the pillow. Then crossing his hands upon his breast, she fell fainting into the arms of Mrs. Hervey. As they carried her away, I saw that her long golden hair had become white as snow. I shall never forget that night. It was the Eve of St. John.

For many weeks Mable lay between life and death, but she had youth, and a good constitution, and at last she recovered. As soon as she was able to sit up, she sent for me, and asked for the letter she had given me, and requested me to read it to her. It ran thus:

"My beloved Mabel,

"In one more week my three months' probation will be over, and I promised not to write, or come, until the term had expired. An unpleasant affair, however, of which you have doubtless heard, and in which I appear to be concerned, warrants me to write and assure you that I can fully prove that I was only in the affray as a *defender* of the ill-used watchman.

"I send this letter by Miss Tiddleton, to whom I have explained everything. She will return to Town a few hours after she has seen you, and has kindly offered to bring me an answer. O, tell me you do not believe the false reports you have heard about me, and shorten my probation. When I see you I shall be able to say, with truth, that I have conquered, and have fairly won your promise to forget the past.

"Your devoted,

"SPENCER ELRINGTON."

Tears, which she had not shed for months, were now rolling down Mabel's cheeks. I was too young then to understand the relief they were to her.

"*Now, Harry,* dear," she said, "I am going to make a *confession to you,* and then I shall feel easier. When you

were a little fellow, and very ill, you used to lisp out your faults to me, and ask me if I thought that God forgave you as well as nurse and I did. And now you seem years instead of weeks older since *that* night, and I feel it is but right I should tell you what occurred before you came in. As I knelt by poor Spencer's lifeless form, I suddenly thought of this letter, which I still had in my pocket. I tore it open. Judge of my agony as I read it, and as the hours slowly passed away. At last Spencer shewed signs of life; he opened his eyes. I saw he was conscious—that he recognized me. He looked at the letter and smiled. I could not tell him I had doubted him, that I had only opened the letter that night. It might have killed him at once. I asked his forgiveness for having tried him so long, but he said, 'you were right, it had done me good, but why did you not answer my letter? O, Mabel! that week! but you were right, I deserved it.' I now owned my fault, that I feared to open his letter, lest I should not have courage to resist his pleadings for an interview, which I guessed it contained. I would not excuse myself by mentioning Miss Tiddleton's remarks. O, the look he gave me, as he said, 'you did not trust me then, Mabel.' It will haunt me till my dying day. He told me then how *he* had trusted *me*, although he had heard I was going to be married to a friend of my brother's, but persisted in saying he deserved it all. I shall always feel he would have lived but for this. The doctor said it was not the fall from the horse, which was broken by the gatekeeper at the Lodge, who laid him on the turf, but the excitement of that terrible week of suspense, and the hard riding from London, as he had a slight affection of the heart. O Harry, it is such a relief to me to speak to you, don't stop me! Mrs. Hervey checks me when I attempt to talk about Spencer, and she does not understand me—she has never known a great sorrow, and she will blame Spencer, she will never vindicate him when slander flings a stone at his memory; but you will, I know you will. Because he once did wrong, the world will never believe he conquered at last, and *died repentant*. But you know all, and now promise

me, Harry, you will explain all, and defend Spencer when you hear him spoken against."

I knelt at Mabel's feet, just as I did when I was a little child to say my prayers. I took her wasted hand, and pressed it to my lips, and our tears mingled, as I solemnly promised to remember her request. Then Mabel folded up Spencer's letter, as small as she could, and placed it in a plain gold locket, and, as she hung it round her neck, she said, "They will find this when I am dead. It is almost the only thing I feel I could not part with. Harry," continued Mabel, "always try to look every difficulty *bravely in the face*, and when you lose courage, or when base people try to allure you from the right path, remember the sad story of Mabel Wilmot and Spencer Elrington."

I was fairly sobbing now, and obliged to run out of the room. I had to start off to Eton that afternoon, which was lucky, for I was getting quite morbid. Then I went to College. I used to see Mabel now and then during the vacations, but she never spoke of Spencer again but once, when we stood together on the Terrace, on the Eve of St. John, a few years after that fatal night. I saw she was thinking of him. She looked as beautiful as ever. She wore false hair to please Lord Wilmot, and avoid the unpleasant attraction her white hair would cause among strangers, but she braided it across her lofty brow, in a fashion of her own, so that it would be difficult to discover it was not her own. If I had not known her story, I should have wondered how it was that she had not married, but it was generally known, and her intention to remain single was always believed by her friends to be sincere. On the evening I have just named, she said, as she looked down the long avenue of elms and shuddered, "Harry, dear, I don't want you quite to forget *that* night. Don't shun the rough side of life, when you feel it to be safest. Poverty, in your rank of life, has its temptations as well as wealth: the sneers of the world are hard to bear in the spring-time of life. I hear you are going to marry Gertrude Percival, and *I am very glad*; she will make you happy." She did not know *that I was* aware that she—my guiding star—had aided me

in my endeavours to win that same little Gertrude. Mabel's early sorrow had made her more earnest in promoting the happiness of others. She devoted herself to her brother's invalid wife, and was a mother to Gwendoline. But one thing about her puzzled me, she was evidently a deeply-religious woman, and yet it was difficult to know what opinions she held, as she seldom spoke much upon any subject she felt very deeply interested in. When Gwendoline was ill I was much struck with her silence. She would look at her, and sigh, and then glide out of the room. I always thought she went away to pray. Gwendoline's sudden death, at the last, was a great grief to her; she had, in some measure, filled the blank in Mabel's life that Spencer's death had caused.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Grey, "I am glad I know Lady Mabel's story, but I can hardly believe that if Miss Tiddleton had known what mischief her unkind insinuations would have caused, that she would have made them."

"No," replied Mr. Grey, "but she was jealous of Mabel and she wished to prevent the match. She once had a fit of compunction, and told me that on the night of that affray, she had just heard 'Old Charlie' drawl out 'past one, and a moonlight morning,' when the noise in the street made her get up and look out of the window, and she distinctly saw Spencer defending 'Charlie' by the light of the moon, and the torches of the other watchmen, whom the old man's spring rattle had summoned to his aid.* So you see I have heard two ladies' confessions in my life."

"And repeat them again," replied Mrs. Grey, laughing, "you are a wolf in sheep's clothing, and a pretty father-confessor. I have heard that no priest has ever been known to reveal a confession, not even to exonerate the innocent, as you have done. Now ring the bell for the tea things to be carried away."

Away we all went and I was put in my flannel bag as usual, little thinking of the change that awaited me.

* Gas lamps were unknown, and I hardly know if any lamps lighted London in those times, for I am no Chronologist.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAD not been many hours in my flannel bag and neat case, when I heard the same grinding sound that had disturbed me on the night I was stolen from Lord Wilmot's, and I soon found myself in the grasp of a robber. Mr. Grey, at this moment appeared at the pantry door. Mrs. Grey, I believe, sprang the rattle from one of the upper windows, and the maids shrieked. The thieves, however, escaped, carrying me and some other articles of plate with them. I lay hidden somewhere, how long I could never tell, but when I next saw the light, I was being rubbed with plate powder, in a very clean, but homely-looking kitchen, by a very clean, precise-looking maid servant, dressed in a dark blue print gown with white spots, and short sleeves, and a white linen cap with wide border, the ordinary morning costume of female domestics in those days. About five o'clock I was conveyed upstairs to the drawing room, on a tea tray with cups with *handles* which I had not seen before. An elderly lady, in a brocaded silk dress with a short waist and scanty skirt, and a point lace cap with full border, was seated in an arm chair (not an *easy* chair by any means), and there were five other ladies, somewhat similarly attired, seated round the room. It was an old maids' tea-party. No remark was made about my being a new teapot: it was not polite in those days to notice anything of the kind, although the party consisted of very old friends. Molly, the maid, now wore a brown stuff gown, with white linen apron, a clear muslin cap tied under her chin, and very pretty and becoming it was. A bright copper kettle sang merrily on the hob of the bright steel grate. The old ladies did justice to the excellent tea, and home-made bread and cakes. I began to feel dull at not being noticed, when one of the ladies remarked, that the tea was excellent. "Yes," replied her hostess, Miss Sally Pendegast, "and this teapot, which my nephew gave me in exchange for my old one, which he took a fancy to, I really think makes better tea than that did. I do not know how my nephew came by the teapot, but I fancy there is a story attached to it. Molly says

her grandmother, who is still alive, recognised it as one that was stolen from the late Lord Wilmot's. She was scullery maid there at the time, and she used to walk in her sleep, and was found one night by some of the other servants, who had been aroused by some noise, standing at the pantry door, staring at the robbers, just as they had laid their hands on the teapot and some other valuables. They, no doubt, took her for a ghost, and fled in a fright, and thus the greater part of the family plate and jewellery was preserved. One of the ladies said, "Ah, poor Lord Wilmot! I pitied him in that affair of his sister's!"

"What affair," replied another of the spinsters, while they all looked with anxious curiosity at the first speaker, and allowed their tea to get cold as they listened to her story.

"O, you see, Lord Wilmot was very much against Lady Mabel's marrying a young gambler named Elrington, but she was desperately in love with him, although most people agree that he cared very little about her. He was only a commoner although very wealthy, and was, therefore, anxious to marry a lady of good family. The Lady Mabel's beauty (it was not *my* style) was also an attraction. Well, Mr. Elrington suddenly disappeared just before the wedding day, and Lady Mabel fretted, and Lord Wilmot scolded her, and tried to make a match between his sister and a friend of his, but it was of no use, and the story was a sad one. In one of his fits of intoxication, Mr. Elrington was thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot, at the very feet of Lady Mabel, who was walking quietly in the park at the time. He had not a moment to prepare!"

"How shocking!" exclaimed all the ladies at once, as they now sipped their tea.

"Lady Mabel's hair (it was golden, *I* don't like the colour) turned white in an instant. She wore a wig afterwards, which could plainly be seen, although she dressed it in a way of her own, so that it might escape some people's observation, but not *mine*. Lord Wilmot's friend withdrew his attentions after Mr. Elrington's death, and Lady Mabel never had

another chance, and faded away into an old maid before her time!"

Oh! if a teapot could express indignation, I should have boiled over, as the kettle did at this moment. I was now carried away to make room for the cards and chess.

Miss Pendegast died soon afterwards, and I was bequeathed to Molly, who married a farmer. Only on certain grand days did I ever see the light, so much was I valued. Once again, on a Christmas evening, I heard Lady Mabel's story related by Molly's grandmother (she always had the most comfortable seat in the chimney corner), which, as to facts, was the same as Mr. Grey's, but with interpolations of her own, and, as she dearly loved Aunt Mabel, she rather exaggerated Spencer's faults, and thought his repentance had come too late! I heard that Lady Mabel, and Mr. Grey and his amiable wife had passed away in peace. I began to feel very old. I had a good deal of rest, but wanted so much the more rubbing up when I did appear in society. I had a constant dread of robbers, too, in that lonely farm-house, for I was still valuable by my weight. Ah! they came at last, the thieves! The farmer chased them a short distance, and Molly, and the children, and old granny raised their shrill voices in cries of murder! murder! But it was useless; I was conveyed to London, and, too old-fashioned for any pawnbroker, I was taken to a silversmith, weighed, bought as old silver, and condemned to the smelting-pot.

If I should ever appear in any other form, at all presentable, I will write a sequel to my story, begging of your charity, a kind consideration of my faults, in the hour of my adversity.

LIVERPOOL—where women are not employed in factory labour—has a higher rate of infant mortality than any of the factory towns referred to in the report of Dr. Bridges and Dr. Holmes, so it is evident that there must *be some other* cause than female labour for the mortality among children. —*Women and Work.*

ST. ERFÜRT'S AISLE.

(Concluded from page 101.*)*

THERE rocked a vessel, tempest tossed,
Upon the angry deep;
The affrighted sailors, pale with fear,
All wring their hands and weep—
And when the thunder rolled around,
There seemed no Power to save
Those drowning souls that soon must sink
And find a watery grave.
They put the helm up hard a-port,
The wind blew on their lee,
Half-wrecked they drive before the gale,
Upon that storm-struck sea.
There streamed a flash of lightning down,
Which on the waters played,
They heard a voice that called to them,—
"'Tis I—Be not afraid"—
For One walked there that watch had kept,
Beneath that gloomy sky;
All terror-struck, they knew Him not;
And so He passed them by.
Above the swirling of the waves,
And through the lightning's glare,
Their cries for help still reach His ear,
He cannot leave them there.
The air was thick with blinding spray,
The clouds looked coppery red,
There came a crash of thunder loud,
Enough to wake the dead—
The mast was nearly riven in two,
The rigging creaks and strains;
And light ran flickering all about,
Amidst the blocks and chains—
Then one among their number there,
A Spirit form descries,
That seemed to watch them from afar,
With weary wistful eyes.
The winds were hushed—the waves smoothed down,
And while he nears them there,
A ring of glory radiates
In brightness round His hair.

The aureole about His head
Flamed like the northern star,
It lit the foam all silver bright,
From east to west afar.
And when He called to them once more,
Across the watery wild,
They guessed it was their Master's voice,
His tones so sweet and mild ;
"I prayed upon the hills last night,
Before I crossed this sea,
And all that while I watched alone,
Ye had forgotten Me."—
The planks yet slippery from the surf
Were wet from stern to prow,
He looked on Peter, while He said,
"Dost thou not know Me now ?"
"Oh ! if Thou art *my Lord* indeed,
Then bid me come to Thee—
I dread no danger, by Thy side,
Though on this raging sea."
"Thou surely mayst, if thou hast strength,
To bear thee through the tide,"—
"Yea—Master—yea,—I come," he said,
And left the vessel's side.—
But when his feet the water touched,
His face grew blanched with fear,
And shrinking back, he cried aloud,
"Oh ! help—I perish here."
The rest that saw him sinking down,
All climb the masts and shout.
While Jesus caught his trembling hand
And said—"Why didst thou doubt ?
Thou hast lost faith—or thou wouldst know,
That I have power to save,
And keep thee from the doors of death,
Beneath this troubled wave."—
Then with the hoarse voice of the sea
Rose mingled songs of Prayer,
In praise to Heaven that help had given
Throughout their wanderings there.
The Knight knelt down, and bending low,
He prayed his prayers again,
And marked the gilded letters graved
Athwart the window pane.
"*Oh* Praise the Lord—His goodness praise,

In earth and sea and air,
Oh! all ye sons of men—give thanks—
His wondrous works declare."
The Vigil ends—the Knight walks round,
His armour to reclaim,
For he must hie him to the wars
To win a glorious name,
He sees reflected on his shield
Some Bird that shone above,
A Phœnix on the stained glass bright,
Some Pelican or Dove,
"*Murus Æneus*" were the words
Engraved in letters fair,
And "*Conscientia Sana*" too,
The motto written there.
"Let crest and motto both be mine,"
He said, and facing round,
His casque he took and steel cuirass,
And placed them on the ground.
Within the altar rails he spied,
A marble tablet white,
All blent with lines of burnished gold,
Inlaid with colours bright,
"Albert the Good"—his was the name,
On the cold marble traced.
Which from the memory of all hearts
Can never be effaced—
And while he stood beside the tomb,
There came a Princess fair,
Who leant across and placed a wreath
Of spotless lilies there.
She wore a plaid scarf round her arm,
Her eyes with tears were wet,
And sparkled more than all the gems
That in her crown were set,
And while she drew her hand away
That held the lilies sweet,
The Knight's sword from the wall displaced
Fell rattling at her feet.
For time had rusted all the nails,
They in their sockets shook,
Loosed from the crevice in the wall
When he his armour took.
Without a thought the Knight sprang down,
His arm he forward threw,

To turn aside the heavy sword
That nearly snapped in two.
The Princess drew away at first,
All startled at the sight,
But when she looked again at him
His cheeks were ashy white.
A sword gash deep had grazed his hand
Which shewed all crimson red,
"Oh! hast thou hurt thyself for me?"
In faltering tones she said.
"The risk I've run to rescue thee
Is cause for joy and pride,
So thou art safe, and all unhurt,
I care for nought beside.
I honour thee—O Princess fair,
But not for wealth or fame,
To serve the poorest in thy realm,
I would have done the same,
We are as sand-grains here below,
In the ocean of His love,
Who views His creatures all alike,
The Lord of Heaven above."—
The Princess—turning to the Knight,
Unrolled the plaid she wore,
Then held it out, and smiling said,
"I shall not want this more."—
The Knight bent down before her there,
The silken scarf he took,
And while he stooped to raise his sword,
His trembling fingers shook,
"I'll bind this round my wounded hand,
And in the battle's fray,
I'll guard it as the treasured gift
I had from thee to-day."—
He wrapped the scarf around his wrist,
He kissed the glittering blade,
Then low before the altar there,
This sacred vow he made,
"I'll carry through earth's length and breadth,
Across the world's wide plain,
A scutcheon fair without a blot,—
A shield without a stain."

GWYNETH ALLWYN.

———

RETRIBUTION.

(Concluded from page 106.)

"HOW was I to know where he'd got to?" said Miles, angrily. "Here! Tumna, come out from there, what business had you to be poking about in the ashes, I'll give ye something to think about when I've got time;" and Tumna slunk away crest-fallen, bearing in his mouth the little bowl which he deposited at Oswald's feet.

"He's been taught to fetch and carry," said Oswald, patting him. "By the bye, this reminds me, had we not better wake up Old Will?"

"Why no, sir, not yet awhile, what 'ud be the use, old and helpless as he is, why he'd only be in the way."

"All the more reason for calling him, I should say."

"No, sir, let him bide where he is, till we can find out where the mischief lies;" so saying, they both went up to the first landing.

"I suppose you must have your own way, as you always think you know best, but if it rested with me, I should most certainly call him."

"It's best not, sir," said Miles, dryly, "for if ye did, take my word for it, he'd preach you a sermon as long as my arm."

"What do you mean?" enquired Oswald, haughtily; "Well, sir, to be plain with ye, you're no favourite of his, and as things go, it's my opinion that you'd better keep clear of him."

"I don't understand, er——, for I'm not aware that I've, er—— ever done him any harm?"

"Well, sir, he's a most curious old chap, is Old Will, and if ever he gets an idea in his head, no power on earth can rout it out of him."

"Well, and what idea has he taken up, respecting me?"

"I ask pardon, sir, if you must know, and no offence to ye," said Miles, hesitatingly, "but the truth is, he don't like your conduct to your wife,—an' what's more, is, he's took it so to heart, that if he were to see ye, he'd be safe to give you a

bit of his mind,—now that's all that I've got to say, and I hope, sir, you'll not take it amiss, that I told ye, since you asked me to do so."

"Oh! indeed," said Oswald, stiffly, "perhaps you'll be good enough to state on what grounds he frames his objections to what he calls—my conduct towards my wife?"

"Well, sir, it's just this, when folks see things done that they think shouldn't be done, why it's no wonder if it sets 'em talking."

"I wish you'd tell Old Will to mind his own business in future, and not intermeddle with what doesn't concern him, and with regard to Ellen, I don't see that she has so much to complain of after all. I've always tried to ensure her comfort in every way; she has a physician to see her when necessary, and your wife in close attendance on her night and day. I engaged those rooms on the upper floor, exclusively for her use. They are comfortably furnished, for I spared no expense, and with her books and music, what more could she desire?"

"Why, sir, my wife tells me that she's been so lonesome, shut up here, and since she's been ill, she's fretted a good deal at your absence, in fact, more than you would think."

"I am surprised that she should be so dull, when she's got the child to amuse her."

"Oh! that's no good, sir, it's sympathy she wants,—just think now, for a lady in her position in life to be kept here among poor folks like us, away from all her kith and kin, and out of reach of any friends of her own rank, oh! it's been very trying for her, I'm bound to say."

"Now, Miles," said Oswald, hotly, "I've heard *quite* enough of this. You may be very sure I had good reasons for what I've done, I was obliged to keep the marriage a secret from my uncle, or he would have disinherited me, as you well know."

"True, sir, true; I know your uncle had his own notions, and having been disappointed in life, he swore he'd never put faith or trust in any woman again, but that aint your case, sir, and it seems to my way of thinking very hard, when

you've been going about as you do to fêtes, balls, concerts, and flower-shows, here, there, and everywhere, besides the excursions aboard the yacht, with your officer friends, and all done just to pleasure those rich folks, the MacCarthys, for your poor wife to be dragging on, as you may call it, for the last six weeks, hanging as it were between life and death."

"I think I've told you once for all, that I've heard enough of this," said Oswald, thoroughly roused, anger gleaming in his eyes.

"Well, sir, you must do as you like,—lookers on sometimes see more clearly than people do themselves, and I couldn't stand by and hear all said that I've heard said, without giving ye a word of warning. I served your uncle, when you were a little chap, no higher than the table, and many a time has he said to me, 'Miles, if ever this little lad should want a friend, mind you always stand by him,'—and I've kept my word to him, I have, sir, an' here's my hand on it," said Miles, slamming the stair-rails till they shook again.

"Oh! indeed, so it's to my late uncle, is it, that I am indebted for all this rambling interference on your part? He has chosen a very fit exponent of his views, I must say," tauntingly replied Oswald, with a look of withering scorn.

Just at this moment, an indistinct, rumbling sound became apparent, added to which there rose a muffled roar of distant voices, combined at intervals with shouts, first loud—louder, then less loud, till they died away in silence.

"Sir," said Miles, "this is no time for shilly-shallying, for there's something scorching somewhere, as sure and certain as I'm alive. Now my advice to ye is, to look to your wife, and get her off from here as quick as ye can."

"Whereever can I take her? I should like to know."

"Well, just you listen to all that noise, it really won't be at all safe to stop here much longer, I can tell ye."

"What am I to do? for I can't take her away at this time of night, if I even would, No one would receive her, ill as she is, so it's no use talking of it," angrily retorted Oswald.

"Never you mind, sir, said Miles, encouragingly, I'll call

up the lads, and we'll manage it for ye." Again the shouts arose louder than before, amidst which could be plainly distinguished the awful cry, Fire! Fire! Fire!

"Make haste up to the staircase window," cried Oswald, impetuously.

With a trembling hand, Miles unbarred the shutters, and throwing up the window, he stepped out on the leads over the laundry.

"Do you see anything?"

Miles turned round, his face agitated—the colour all gone from his countenance.

"Why don't you speak and tell me what you see?"

"Look for yourself, sir," answered Miles, sadly, with that calm dignity which he always assumed in cases of difficulty or danger.

And Oswald pushed him aside and stepped out. What a sight presented itself. One side of the timber yard was in flames. A dense crowd lined the street beyond, and extended up to the gates, where a body of police stood trying to keep the people off. Three engines were playing on the central part of the building, a portion of which had just ignited from the intense heat. All the men belonging to the yard were busily employed in removing all the goods they could collect in or near the vicinity of the works. Some getting out the horses and vans of the establishment, while the soldiers from the barracks formed in line, with a crowd of men and boys to pass from hand to hand pails of water, which they threw continuously over the yet unburnt timber which lay in bales about the yard. Being the Regatta night, the men had all been away holiday making, and there being no one to give the alarm, the fire had proceeded uninterruptedly before any attempt could be made to check its progress, the danger had been very much increased by the sparks and lighted shavings, as well as some burning bricks and broken splinters, which fell from time to time, and finally set fire to some tar barrels which had been used by some of the workmen the day before, when they were employed to paint the roofs and walls of all the outhouses and sheds belonging to

the establishment. The wailing laments of the poor, and the screams of the frightened children, thus suddenly deprived of house and home, were pitiable to hear. And amidst all that storm and din, Miles alone stood calm and unruffled, his earnest eyes surveying the whole scene with that resolute dignity which the possession of a good conscience only can give.

Oswald, horror-struck at the sight, lost all control over himself.

"Come away Miles, we are undone—all of us—for there is no help now."

"I always said you'd have no luck," said Miles, "but anyhow, it don't do to despair; we must go this very instant and rescue your wife."

"Oh! there's nothing to be done, we're too late, the curse has come at last, and *she* is avenged," cried Oswald, desperately, as he flung himself down on the stairs, his head buried in his hands.

"Well! if ever I saw such a one as you, in all my life—upon my word, I never did, and that's the whole of it, Why? where's all the bravery—all the courage gone, that won you such honour when you took the Field in those engagements in India—and," said Miles, reverently, as he lowered his voice, "remember there is *One* above ever ready to help, if we ask faithfully."

"Oh! don't talk to me, we're too late—and we must all burn together," cried Oswald, in utter despair.

"My stars!" said Miles, "you don't mean to tell me you contemplate stopping here with all the premises alight, and folks burning around you—if I remember right, I've got a wife as well as you, and I'm not going to let her be singed up without a hand to help, I can tell ye, so here goes," said Miles, "I'm off to fetch the lads." Then nimble as a cat he cleared the stairs with one bound and was out of sight.

Left to himself, Oswald got up and closed all the doors that communicated with the passage, lest any draught should accelerate the threatened danger. Then repairing to the rooms on the first floor that his wife had recently occupied,

he began selecting from the things he found there, all that he considered worth saving. For this purpose, he ransacked every drawer and cabinet, tossing the things out in the utmost confusion, among the rest was a little box containing money, trinkets, and a few small valuables she had when she was a child, this he saved, also a telescope lent her by Old Will. From the heap of things scattered about, he picked out all the shawls and wrappers he could find, then tying them up in a bundle, together with the little trinket case and telescope, he went to the window to look out for Miles, just in front stood her harp with the string box and stand just where she left it, brushing hastily by, some loose leaves of her music fell on the floor, snatching them up, he saw they were the "Ammeretten Tauzer" waltzes, which had so haunted him at the ball, stung by the recollection, he thrust them aside, and said hastily, "Robert can fetch the harp down, for if she recovers, she won't like to lose it." then dashing down stairs, he found Miles with the others waiting for him.

We must now leave him for awhile and go back to Ellen, who had remained unconscious, though she started from time to time as if in a disturbed sleep.

"Mary," she faintly whispered, calling her to her side, "I think I am going soon, and I am so happy, for something tells me that Oswald and I shall be reunited never to part any more."

"You've been dreaming, dear, and what did you see?" asked Mary, trying to humour her.

"Oh!" said Ellen, "it looked so real. I saw the ENCHANTRESS floating in the moonlight, her ropes and spars seemed out-lined with silver, and they all stood there, Miles, and Sam, and kind Old Dick. And Oswald called me to come to him, and I shall go with him, and you will go too, won't you, Mary? for Miles cannot do without you."

"Where?" said Mary, hardly knowing what she said.

Ellen half rose up, then pointing with her wasted hand in *the direction of* the window, she gasped out,—"*At this time, to-morrow night,* over that dark deep sea,"—the effort was too

much for her, and she fell back lifeless on the pillow. Mary rushed to her side, then chafed her hands, and applied every restorative she could think of; but all was useless, and she lay, in marble stillness, on the couch where Oswald left her. The tears welled up in Mary's eyes, as she fell on her knees by the side of the sofa; presently there succeeded a continued rapping at the door which lasted for some minutes, as a choking sensation arose in her throat which quite prevented her answering it. "Holloa!—Holloa!—Missus, you must let us in, for we've the Captain's orders to fetch his leddy and take her off right away aboard the yacht." In suiting the action to the word, the door was burst open by Sam, who was closely followed by the others.

"Stand away, all of ye," she said, in a hollow voice, "this is no place for you."

"Are ye mad, Missus," cried Sam, "Don't ye know that the place is all afire, and there aint no time to be lost."

Mrs. Kennedy pointed to the sofa—to the small shrunk figure—so white and waxen, Sam, shocked and perplexed, drew in his breath, for he too well knew now to need any further telling.

Oswald called to them from the foot of the stairs. "For Heaven's sake bring her," he cried in a hoarse voice, for the fire had just penetrated to the landing, and the smell of the fire was intolerable. They all stood irresolute, as if uncertain what to do.

"What ails you all?" exclaimed Oswald, enraged at their unwillingness, "I never saw such a lazy set of fellows in all my life."

"We'll not lay a finger on her till you've seen for yourself, sir," said Miles, not daring to name the truth to him.

"Why? where is she?" he called, excitedly, as they all fell back to let him pass.

"Gone, sir," said Sam: "gone to glory, and may we all go after her, when our time comes," chimed in Old Dick, as he wept aloud, while Miles passed his hand across his eyes to hide the working of his feelings. A sudden crash ensued as of broken beams or falling timbers.

"Take her off just as she is, do you hear me," thundered Oswald, seeing them hesitate, and down they knelt bare-headed, two and two, while Oswald and Miles lifted up the palliasse on which she lay, and placed it firmly on their strong shoulders, after which they covered her gently with cloaks and wrappers, while Mary seized a thin white handkerchief which she threw lightly over her pallid countenance, with slow and measured tread they took their way in silence to the shore, till they reached the boat that was in readiness to convey them to the yacht, which now lay moored further down to the left of the Island. Miles, Sam, and Dick returned afterwards to the scene of the fire, leaving Mary and the others on board. By this time, they saw smoke and flame issuing from the top windows.

"My stars," cried Miles, suddenly, "If we haven't all of us gone and forgotten the little girl; now which of you 'll go after her."

"I'll go," cried Dick, eagerly, and he tried to make his way through by the open door.

"Ye can't go up so," said one of the fireman, "the ceilings will all be down soon, and the staircase is all burnt and charred through, and it won't bear your weight."

"Here, put the ladders up outside, boys," cried Miles, and I'll go myself, if no one else will."

Dick's hand shook as he helped to steady them, while Sam ran forward and was over the rails and into the room before anybody could get before him.

"Bravo! Sam," cried Miles, "I always knew you were one of the right sort, and no mistake."

On, and on through smoke and flame he felt his way, till he found her crouched down in a corner of one of the rooms, sobbing bitterly.

"Now, my little Joyful, you'll come along with me, for I've come a-purpose to fetch you," said Sam, coaxingly.

"No, no, no," she screamed, beating him with her small hand, "do away—do away—I'll not do with you—I'll do with *Dad.*"

"*Expect she* means Old Will," muttered Sam, "aint I as

good as Dad," enquired he, stooping down to look at her, this was answered by a stinging slap, Sam rubbed his red cheek, then seizing a quilt that he found, he rolled her up in it, and bore her off triumphantly, her face still swollen with crying, while the long golden curls hung down all wet and bedabbled with tears. There were shouts of applause as he reappeared with her, she was then passed from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd, and a kind woman, belonging to a school close by, volunteered to take charge of her, until her friends should be ready and able to claim her, when they had done what they could, Miles and the others returned to the yacht. On reaching the side, they found all was confusion on board, for there was a rumour prevailing that it was ran into the night before, just after they were called off to assist at the fire. Hubert, the boy left in charge of it, detailed as follows :—"A crowded steamer, filled with noisy excursionists had passed by, her bows striking the yacht amidships just abaft the mainmast, a minute more, and a second concussion was felt, for in drawing off they grazed her timbers which were slightly stove in below the water-line." Later on they found the water had oozed in through a small crack, staining the purple silk hangings in the state cabin. They endeavoured to ascertain the extent of the damage, but at present nothing had been done to remedy the evil, for Oswald had locked himself in, leaving word that he was on no account to be disturbed by any one.

"This 'll never do," said Miles, "for it must be seen to before night, or otherwise it may cost us all our lives. Here, Bob, come here, will ye? tell Hubert to pull the boat round, and Leonard shall go over the side and examine it."

"That's been tried already," called up Bob, "and Leonard says it's no use, for where her seams are parted open, it's too low down for him to reach it."

"Then our Captain must be told about it, and that's the long and short of it," said Miles, abruptly.

"Oh! you can't speak to him," said Mary, "for he won't bear it from any one yet awhile."

"Pooh! nonsense, Mary, you don't know what you're *talking about."*

"I've seen more of him than you have, and he's been half beside himself ever since he came on board."

"Now don't make a fool of yourself," Mary, "I know very well what I'm about," said Miles, as he moved forward to the main hatchway, the others soon followed, and they proceeded to look down.

By Oswald's orders the yards were all reversed and her flag set half-mast high, the minute he came on board. Down below, the ports were all open, though the shutters were nearly closed to, and by the half light in the state saloon, all was completely visible, set out in sharp distinctness amid the long dark shadows that swept the floor from amongst the crannies between the windows. In the centre, a heap of velvet cushions stood piled up, upon which rested the mattress whereon Ellen's fragile form lay extended, just as they had brought her down the night before. She looked like one asleep, with eyes half-closed and a smile on her lips, while long tangled masses of black hair shaded the pale forehead on which death had for ever set his seal. Oswald sat by her with a dull gaze in his stony eyes, as if his thoughts had strayed to some long forgotten scene far away, while Tumna was stretched close beside him, licking his hand.

"He's off his head, I'm thinking," said Dick.

"It's plain he's gone crazy," added Sam, "for who ever heard of a yacht steerin' for no-where partiklar, carrying an unburied corpse aboard it, these here doings of Master Oswald will bring no luck to us, you'll see."

"None o'your cock-and-bull-stories, Sam," growled Miles, taking a hawser, one end of which he slipped through a ring near the channel plates, then securing it firmly to the main hatchway, he prepared to descend, "his pistols are on the table," said Miles, "so I won't leave him to himself, for in the humour in which he now is, there's no telling what mischief might happen. Sir," said Miles, not seeming to notice that there was anything unusual with Oswald, "the *breeze* is getting up, and you'd best come on deck, for the *lads are all there* awaiting fresh orders."

"*Don't* speak to me, Miles," said Oswald, in a scared

tone," I neglected her in life, so I mean to stand by her now."

"Please yourself, sir," answered Miles carelessly. "By-the-bye," he added, "I've come to tell you there's a heavy sea on, and since the weather's on the change, hadn't we better run in shore?"

"I've told you once for all, that I cannot be disturbed. Now leave me," said Oswald in a very haughty tone, waving his hand.

"My stars," cried Miles, as he ascended the hatchway, "one would take him for a Grand Duke."

"What's to do now," asked Dick.

"You haven't got much for your pains, I reckon," observed Sam.

"Here, tumble up boys, some of ye, you must help me to bring her head round and we must make for the shore," said Miles, "for I judge by the looks of those clouds yonder we shall have but a bad night of it."

"Right you are," said Dick, as he tried to starboard two points, east-by-east—presently he called out, "there's something wrong here, I'm afraid, for she don't answer to her helm so well as heretofore."

"Get out with ye, Dick, and let me handle her," cried Miles.

"You're mighty clever, no doubt," said Dick, "but I'm afeared as there's mischief below, only see how she heels over."

"What a Job's comforter you be, Dick," cried Sam, "my word on it." Just then a heavy wave took her broadside, struck the bows, then poured in torrents over the port scuppers. "Steady there," cried Miles, the wind increased more and more till it blew a hurricane, while the sea rising higher and higher every moment, became at last one mass of foam. The spray was so thick it almost blinded them so that they could scarcely see anything; labouring away in the trough of the waves, half-a-mile ahead of them was the Prussian Frigate, with stud sails set and all her royals *flying.*

"We must keep in her wake," said Dick, "for we may want help before long."

"We don't make much way, I'm thinking," observed Sam.

"Keep your own counsel, will ye," cried Miles.

It began to get dark, and heavy clouds collected, succeeded by a continued rumbling sound of distant thunder, interspersed at intervals by repeated flashes of blue lightning. The frigate now close-reefed still forged her way on ahead of them, while at times the waves rose to such a terrific height that only her topmasts were visible. Sway, swoff, sway, went the surf against the sides of the yacht, making all her timbers creak, while the rattling of the chains and that long low whistling sound that usually accompanies a storm lasted incessantly.

"We seem to be getting lower in the water, I'm afraid," cried Miles, "go down, one of ye and see to it."

Sam disappeared, then coming up, with an anxious look he said, "We must all help to keep the pumps going, for there's four feet of water down below, and its washing up through the cabin floor."

"Here! hold on, Dick, will ye, and keep her head to the wind, while I go and see what can be done."

Miles and Sam then proceeded to throw overboard everything that could be spared to lighten her, while Leonard and Harry worked hard at the pumps.

"I'm afraid it's all up with us," said Bob.

"Don't lose heart," cried Miles, "for if we do our best all may yet be well with us."

While he spake, every rope and spar thrummed again as she went reeling from side to side, and the concussion from the repeated shocks of the water against her keel, when she rose with difficulty over every receding wave, set her planks trembling so that every moment they expected she would go to pieces. One flash of forked lightning—then another, and another—and crash went the mainmast over the side.

"Clear away there, lads," roared Miles, but his voice was lost in the fury of the storm, for a heavy wave suddenly breaking over her, she filled in a moment, and down went

THE ENCHANTRESS, with all hands, in fifteen fathoms deep of water, while none were left to tell the tale.

From what transpired the following day, it was evident they had been seen by some of the fishermen, who had witnessed the accident, though at the time, they had been unable to render any assistance.

On a projecting ledge of those slippery rocks near Black Gang Chine, stands Roger Harding, shading his eyes with his hand, while his strained and anxious gaze sweeps the shore right and left to see if he can discover any traces of the wreck. By his side kneels Esther MacCarthy, sobbing bitterly as if her heart would break, for the news has just been brought them by the boatmen who were out the night before.

"Esther," said Roger, leaning nearer to her, "I have something to say that I fear will grieve you. You were not aware perhaps, that at the time the vessel foundered he had his wife with him."

"His wife!" cried she in a passion of grief, "and I once loved him so."

Roger took her hand, saying, "Oswald has gone where you may love him still."

"Where?" said Esther, vainly trying to hide the tears that now rained from her eyes.

He bent down to her, amid the howling wind, while the waves washed close up to their feet, and whispered, "Where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, and where there is no more sea."

GWYNETH ALLWYN.

Women's rights are not entirely ignored in Italy. Virginia Scarpellini is directress of the meteorological station at the capitol (Rome), founded by her aunt Caterina, who died last year, and the stations at Lugo and Montecchio are also directed by ladies.—*Women and Work.*

Christine Nilsson handed a cheque for £942 to the Training School and Home for Nurses as the result of her concert for that institution.—*Women and Work.*

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Woman's Work in Modern Society. By M. F. Cusack. R. Washbourne, 18, Paternoster Row.

A very sensible, practical book—well worth careful perusal.

In the October number of the *Women's Suffrage Journal* we have read the first part of an excellent article by Miss Becker, answering Mr. Goldwin Smith's late disclaimer in "Macmillan."

Lord Castleton's Ward. By Mrs. B. R. Greene. London: Samuel Tinsley.

Mrs. Greene has given to the novel-devouring world a very readable book. Her language especially colloquial is sparkling, but while we thus praise, we must say that our authoress evidently aims at sensation, which is in some parts, very much overdrawn—the following passage is one of the worst.

"Lady Constance Greville! do you know what the absorbing love of man for woman is, that you dare, in those brief, cold words, sign its death-warrant? Do you know that this great, grand, human heart, that you thus ruthlessly trample down beneath your feet, is bleeding at every pore with its deep, palpitating, unuttered love for you. Do you know, I ask, cold, relentless girl! do you comprehend, that every pulse within him beats for you and you alone? and if you *do* know this, will you, can you, thus lightly venture to dismiss him to his doom?"

Then again relapsing into kindness, Castleton once more casts himself at her feet; he clung to the folds of her dress, he imprisoned her hands, he looked imploringly in her face. "Constance! you dare not turn from this appeal with such pitiless and cruel words as these. Solemnly I conjure you to reflect."

As this quotation may fail to convey the full glory of the position to our readers, we put the facts before them in the following concise form.

Given—two men and one woman.

Let A = Lord Castleton.
B = Lady Constance Greville.
C = Rev. Herbert Malgrove.

A has a passionate friendship for C.

C loves B, and C's love is not returned.

So A goes to B and pleads for C's acceptance, in the above very sensible manner.

But B loves A, who has no idea of it.

∴ the situation is somewhat trying and uncommon. For all this we heartily recommend "Lord Castleton's Ward."—

Q. E. D.

R. K.

MUSIC.

The Birthday Garland; or, May Lilies. By F. Leslie. McDowel and Co., 25, Warwick Street, Regent Street, W.

This is another of F. Leslie's charming songs, and we are sure it will become a general favourite. The words seem wedded to the music. The appropriate accompaniment is easy. The illustration is very spirited, and strongly reminds us of Sir Joshua Reynolds' life-like pictures.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor will not be responsible for any opinions expressed.]

To the Editor of "The Pelican."

SIR,—Hearing you advocate the Woman's Movement, I shall be obliged if you will inform me how I can best acquire a knowledge of housekeeping, cooking, sick-nursing, and the moral training of children; also, how I can best lay out my time and money (by attending classes in the evening) so as to improve myself in Latin, Mathematics, German, French, Music, and Painting, which I think, with your valuable aid and advice, I might study after my husband and children had retired to rest, and before they arose in the morning.

My only apology for troubling you is, that my parents had never heard of the "Woman's Movement," so that I am obliged to subscribe myself—

Yours obediently, A WOMAN OF NEGLECTED EDUCATION.

Our ambitious Correspondent had better get a prospectus of either the Ladies' Classes at University College, or of the Quebec Institute.—Ed. P.

To the Editor of "The Pelican."

SIR,—Probably some of your readers may be able to inform me if it be possible for woman to move from her place in creation. Should not the Movement be called the Women's, not the Woman's Movement?

Yours obediently, A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received with thanks "The Ballad of Ida Grey," by Amy Levy. It will appear in the next number. Also, "The Winding of the Skein," by Lina Carr, and "By the Sea," by Augustine King.

DR. B.—We are unable to insert your letter.

R. C.—Apply at our Office.

MRS. W——N.—We can have nothing to do with anonymous communications.

WIDOW.—See "Pelican" Magazine, No. 3, page 114, Institution of Nurses, 7A, Bond Street.

ROSE.—Your tale is unsuited to our pages.

A CLERK.—You could not do better than attend the Evening Classes at the Quebec Institute, Lower Seymour Street.

LADY G——B.—Our contributor Augustine King, does not intend to republish her articles, but back numbers in which they appear are always to be had at Mr. Martin's.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF PROGRESS.

EDUCATIONAL INFORMATION.

GIRTON COLLEGE.

The Gilchrist Scholarship of the value of £50, tenable for three years, to be competed for at the University of London General Examination of Women in May, 1875.

A Scholarship, value £50 a year for three years, is offered to the candidate who shall pass best in the College Entrance Examination in June, 1875. The Scholar will be required to read for a Degree Certificate. *The Entrance* Examination will be held this month (October). For forms *of entry, etc.,* apply to the Hon. Sec., Miss Davies, 17, Cunningham Place, *London, N.W.*

QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

Queen's College, Harley Street. Michaelmas Term commences on October 5th. Prospectuses may be had of Miss Parry, 58, Wimpole Street, W.

LADIES' CLASSES AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

The Session of the Ladies' Classes at University College will begin this month. The evening classes of English and English History (intended chiefly for those engaged in tuition) will meet respectively on Monday, October 12th, and Wednesday, October 21st, whilst the day classes will open on and after Monday, October 26th.

From the prospectus, which may be obtained at the Secretary's office in University College, it appears that Professor Morley intends to give, during the Winter Session, a course of thirty-six lectures on English Literature during the last fifty years, and in the Summer; a course of ten lectures on English Lyric poetry. In French Literature, Professor Cassal offers a course of eighteen lectures on the Literature of France after the French Revolution from Chateaubriand to the downfall of the Bourbon monarchy. In Italian Language and Literature, Professor Volpe proposes to hold two classes respectively for advanced students and beginners. In Logic, Professor Crum Robertson also proposes to give two courses of lessons, the one an elementary, the other an advanced course, in which the subject of study will be Mill's Logic. In English History, a course of eighteen lectures on some of its distinguished characters from Egbert to Cardinal Pole is offered by Professor Bund. It is probable also that Professor Williamson will form a class for practical instruction in Chemistry, and that a course of lectures on Mathematics will be offered by Dr. Hernici.

During the Lent term (beginning on Monday, 18th January, 1875), Professor Corfield will give a course of eighteen lectures on Philosophy and Hygiene, and Professor Beesly a course of twelve or fifteen lectures on the Progress of Civilisation from primeval times up to the 10th century. There are no courses of lectures on German Language and Literature, consequent on the death of Professor Heimann. With reference to that event it is stated in the prospectus that "by the death of Dr. Heimann, University College has lost a professor who had been a friend and helper of its students for twenty-six Sessions."

BEDFORD COLLEGE.

Bedford College, 8 and 9, York Place, Portman Square (late 48 and 49, Bedford Square). The Session 1874-75, will begin on October 15th. Prospectuses at 48, Bedford Square.

This is a much better situation for the College, which will now be conveniently near the Baker Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE.

Hyde Park College for Ladies, 115, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park. The Junior Term has already commenced (September 16th). The Senior Term begins November 1st. For Prospectuses, etc., apply to Lady-Resident.

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

We understand that an English translation of Gregn Samarov's "Ane Zepter und Kronen," which was published about a year ago in Germany, when it created a very great sensation among all classes, will shortly be issued. It deals with some of the most prominent characters who have figured, and still continue to figure in European politics; and the accuracy of its life-pictures is so great that it is presented to the English public, not as a novel, but as a new reading of an important chapter in recent European history. It is translated by Miss Fanny Wormald.—*The Athenæum.*

Messrs. H. S. King and Co. will issue the Autobiography and Memorials of Mrs. Gilbert, formerly Ann Taylor, Author of "Hymns for Infant minds." The same firm will also publish "Thistledown," a volume of poems by the Hon. Mrs. Willoughby, and a second edition of "The Disciples," by Mrs. Hamilton King, with notes and corrections.

Miss Kate Stanton, we believe, will return to London from Paris this month, and will lecture on "Uncrowned Sovereigns."

Miss Annie Sinclair, who made a favourable impression in "Babel and Bijou," and as Clairette, in "La Fille de Madame Angot," is steadily progressing in her career.

Mdlle. Renzi, who sang at the Athénea Theatre has been added to the list of vocalists at the promenade concerts.—*Athenæum.*

Miss Braddon's new novel, "Lost for Love," is having, we understand a very large sale.

Mrs. Lynn Linton's "True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and communist," is in its sixth edition.—Publishers, Chatto and Windus.

The Countess C*** de St. Dominique has published "Animal Magnetism (Mesmerism) and Artificial Somnambulism."—It is published by Tinsley Brothers.

Miss Collett has brought out through Messrs. Hill and Son, of Bedford, a reprint of the collection of Services and Prayers, published at Calcutta by the Brahma Somag.—*The Athenæum.*

Miss Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy in Vassar College, is lecturing on her favourite science in American schools this autumn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANON KINGSLEY ON PHYSICAL TRAINING.—If the promoters of higher education for women will compel girls to any training analogous to

our public school games; if, for instance, they will insist on that most natural and wholesome of all exercises, dancing, in order to develop the lower half of the body; or singing, to expand the lungs and regulate the breath; and on some games—ball or what not—which will insure that raised chest and upright carriage and general strength of the upper torso, without which full oxygenation of the blood, and therefore general health, is impossible; if they will sternly forbid tight stays, high heels, and all which interferes with free growth and free motion; if they will consider carefully all which has been written on the half-time system, and accept the certain physical law that, in order to renovate the brain day by day, the growing creature must have plenty of fresh air and play, and that the child who learns for four hours and plays for four hours, will learn more, and learn it more easily, than the child who learns for the whole eight hours; if, in short, they will teach girls not merely to understand the Greek tongue, but to copy somewhat of the Greek physical training, of that "music and gymnastic" which helped to make the cleverest race of the old world the ablest race likewise; then they will earn the gratitude of the patriot and the physiologist, by doing their best to stay the downward tendencies of the physique, and therefore ultimately of the morale, in the coming generation of English women.—*Women and Work.*

Sir George Campbell in his Address, at the British Association, "On the Peoples between India and China," says when describing the Peoples of the Khassia hills—"The Female stands at the head of the family, occupying the highest position in the household, and holding property in their own right—Property descends indeed in the female line. The Woman selects her own husband, and divorces him when she pleases."

We take the following table from the Third Annual Report of the Local Government Board.

Able-bodied male paupers in receipt of Out-door Relief, 1st January, 1874.

Destitution caused by temporary sickness or want of work of male heads of families and single men.

1. Adult males relieved on account of their own sickness		15,133	= 2·2
2. Adult males relieved on account of sickness of a member of their family, or a funeral		5,572	= 0·8
3. Adult males relieved on account of want of work ...		1,339	= 0·2
Families dependent on 1, 2, and 3	Wives 18,057	63,342	= 9·0
	Children 45,285		
Total		85,386	= 12·2

Mr. Turnbull's motion in favour of Cremation, at West Hartlepool, *gave rise to great* uproar among the ignorant and bigoted population,

especially among the women, who assembled to the number of 200, and presented a petition against the motion, although we disapprove of the unseemly violence used, yet it shows that women are beginning to think and act for themselves.

LADIES AS NURSES.—There are avenues to profitable industry for which women are by nature specially adapted if they would qualify themselves for the work. Take the question of nursing: its duties are of a noble character. They require study, experience, and skill closely akin to those of the physician. A nurse equal to her work would have a much more independent position than the ordinary run of governesses. Here is a wide field for female industry. The demand for nurses is in excess of the supply. In wealthy homes, in the homes of the middle classes, and in the homes of the poor, there is room for the employment of trained nurses which, with all the efforts that have been made since Miss Nightingale commenced her crusade, will not be filled up for many years to come.—*Women and Work.*

DODGES.

Perambulator—Pretty little dear! muffled up like a North American Indian, with your head only wabbling about—Out—and take your nurse's hand and walk and develop your legs and arms, and thus expand your infantile chest. The uncivilized man muffles up his children by necessity—the civilized man by ignorance. *If in doubt,* ask the Nurse.

DODGER.

ERRATA.—Page 34, line 5, for "tenth" read "twelfth."

Page 46, Echo Song. Verse 2, line 5, for "cries" read "falters." Verse 3, line 2, for "vernal ever" read "ever vernal."

Page 46, line 24, for "nonsence" read "nonsense."

Page 109, line 19, for "Copore" read "Corpore."

EDITOR'S NOTICES.

The Serials are complete in this number, the four numbers making a complete Volume for 1874. Bound Copies, Price Two Shillings.

Covers for Binding, Price One Shilling.

Subscribers for the year 1875 are requested to send in their names as early as possible to Mr. Martin.

The Editor invites communications on all subjects connected with the social and educational progress of Woman.

All communications to be addressed, "The Editor," 106, Marylebone Road.

Mr. Martin, 9, Lisson Grove, will supply "The Pelican" to Subscribers, Post free, on receipt of 1s. 4d. per annum.

PETITION! PETITION! PETITION! Friends of Women's Suffrage are earnestly exhorted to aid the cause by at once beginning to collect signatures for the petitions to be presented in support of Mr. Forsyth's Bill, at the opening of the next session of Parliament. Written Petitions ready for signature will be supplied on application to Miss Becker, 28, Jackson's Row, Albert Square, Manchester.—*Women's Suffrage Journal.*

THE PELICAN:

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. 5. JANUARY—APRIL, 1875. Vol. II.

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VOX PELICANI.

ADDRESS TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE YEAR COMMENCING JANUARY, 1875.

ON the Eighth of January, 1874, THE PELICAN first spread its wings, and essayed a first flight. It was but a young fledgling, and had a hard fight of it for the first year. In this number it has entered a second year, better fitted for the contest, and having learned much of the present aspect of World-doings—the great competition—the gigantic scale on which everything is done, and from a knowledge of what is wanted, in this age when nearly every want is fulfilled, has this year greatly altered in style. It has seen how the public are positively stifled by every species of literary effort. Magazine upon magazine published, every shade of opinion represented almost to suffocation; every class, every trade, having its acknowledged organs. It has seen how new Daily, Weekly, Monthly, and Quarterly publications are issued, most of them to fail after issuing some few numbers, sometimes, alas, after having ruined their projectors.

Having all these facts before us, we have had to consider, whether there was a want left in this want-supplying *age to the cause* we are devoted to, and have been assured

of this want in a very practical and satisfactory manner, simply by our circulation. Having satisfactorily accounted for our "Right of Being," we proceed to expound our new programme.

We shall have but little fiction, and if possible what little fiction we do have, will be complete in the number in which commenced. We shall chiefly have articles on Political and Scientific subjects, written by or of women. There will also be Reviews of the literature written by women and concerning women: in this branch we shall advocate a reformation in the fiction of the present day. In back numbers of THE PELICAN we have expressed our disapproval of the sensational style now in vogue.*

We shall strenuously urge for Woman Suffrage, and shall study Woman's work and status in every portion of the Globe, and regard the Woman's movement not only in its present, but also in an historical point of view. In short, we hope to study in its every branch the cause in which THE PELIÇAN is enlisted, and our only and most fervent hope is, may we serve the righteous cause, and lead on, in the words of our motto—

PRO LUMINE VERO.

THE EDITOR.

VOX PELICANI.

THE FRANCHISE.

DURING the last five years, the so-called Woman's Movement has indeed made great strides, both politically and socially, and for this great and rapid development much praise is due to those able men and women who have worked so well and so hard for the cause, even before it

* *Review in No.* 3 of "Taken at the Flood," by the author of "Lady *Audley's Secret*": also in No. 4, "Lord Castleton's Ward," by Mrs. *B. R. Green.*

could be called a movement,—such reformers as these may truly be called patriots, who in the face of a great prejudice, appearing almost insuperable, and amid the laughter of a self-satisfied majority, fearlessly entered on their good work, —such were Mill, Jacob Bright, Lydia Becker, Emily Faithfull. It is astonishing on looking back through the small vista of years to see the incredible difference—the great educational openings, the political advance, and above all, the great improvement in the tone of public opinion. We are of opinion that the Women's Movement, in all its branches, is one which must succeed sooner or later; as well might the progress of the world be seriously impeded, as that this reform should not be accorded, and not only do we believe that it will succeed in England, but that the movement will become Universal. Truly, it will benefit the general progress of mankind, when more than one half of humanity are no longer cyphers in the social economy. But while we thus express our unalterable belief in the final success of our cause, we of course take for granted that the same energy that has characterized those supporting this movement will be apparent throughout, and of course when we speak of the impossibility of the measure failing, we cannot in fatalist spirit, wait passively until the time comes, and events shape themselves of their own law of crystalization. God helps those who help themselves. It has been observed and regretted by many who have experience, that a large number of women, who are desirous of bettering their position as a sex; do take up this fatalistic position for some or other reason. Some have been said to abstain from active support on the ground that they will not agitate for and ask for their *Rights;* others, and it is to be regretted that they are a large class, abstain because they do not see any actual benefit to themselves likely to arise. They may not care to have a voice in the affairs of their country, and are too selfish to take any trouble for mere theoretic principle. This cannot be too much deplored, but the remedy, Education, is happily not only revealed, but in actual working. *Again,* there are a number of the female sex who

really and actually dislike the movement attempted in their favour; these objectors we believe do not ever really comprehend what the Woman's Movement is. They have the most hazy and distorted notions on the subject, notions mostly deduced from the jottings in such papers as the *Morning Post* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, which seem to imagine that women wish to rebel against every social custom, and arrogate to themselves a position, which they cannot with any propriety be allowed to occupy; also, those readers on the subject, read in a desultory and trivial spirit, more alive to what amusement can be obtained, than for any real insight that can be gained into the doings and motives of the agitation. This ill also, we believe, education will remedy, and indeed we have read in the leading article of the *Women's Suffrage Journal* for this month (January), that "Those who have attended the meetings since the commencement of the agitation do not fail to note a great advance in the position of the question. It is received with much greater earnestness by the supporters, and with much less of flippancy and frivolousness by the objectors than really formerly; and both parties seem to have made up their minds that the Enfranchisement Bill must be carried sooner or later."

This year the "Bill" will be in a better position than last year. Mr. Forsyth will, it appears, endeavour to obtain a day before Easter for the second reading. Last year it was announced in the official journal of our party, that there were 227 members of parliament in favour of the Bill and 328 who had voted against it, 97 who were neutral; thus, even if the 97 had declared in our favour, there would still have been a hostile majority of 4.

This year, 236 members are in favour, 217 hostile; thus the majority of 101, of those whose opinions were known, has dwindled down to a majority of 19. But against this we must place 199 members whose views are unknown, and on these, if we go to work energetically, influence may be brought to bear, and it is on these that the issue of the division will depend. With this stimulating fact before us, let us put our shoulders to the wheel, determined to conquer.

VOX PELICANI.

THE WOMEN IN PERSIA.

PERHAPS it is almost too much to urge anything extraneous at the present time, when we have so much work in England before us, yet it were well even now to commence to place our views before the unenlightened in some foreign countries, where women are still in a state even more degraded than the slaves were in the Southern States of America. We refer especially to Persia, and other Eastern States, that great empire ruled over by an Emperor more enlightened by travel than any of his ancestors, who has stayed in England and studied our customs. Surely this is a golden opportunity for endeavouring to improve the tone in that empire, on the position held by its women. We have said in another article that we hope the movement commenced in England, America, and Switzerland will become universal. The European women all have their social position, at least to a certain extent in their own hands, but the Persian women do not even guess that there is ought that should not be in their life. Can we not do anything to help her on to freedom and to light?

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO.

WE bring before our readers' notice the argument carried on in Book V. of the Republic. It is especially interesting to those watching the present struggle for political freedom in which the English women are engaged. The argument is carried on between Socrates, Cephalus, Glaucon, Adimanthus, Polemarchus, Thrasymachus, and the gist of the argument is to show how the magistracy is to be constituted, so as to establish a prosperous state. As Plato

has in the third book striven to show that a state's welfare depends on the community of ideas and of prosperity, so in this book he argues that the duties of men and women should be common in a state, and then further goes on to argue how consequently themselves and their property should be common—a deduction which Aristotle replies to with great sense in the second book of the politics (chap. iii.)—a great portion, nay, nearly the whole of this book (Book V.) is devoted to demonstrating the position of women in the model republic, and we may point out how strange it seems that theories conned over by Plato and his fellow students, sitting in a house, from which could be seen the Piræus, and in the year 350 B.C., should now, when Athens is virtually extinct, the Parthenon, a collection of ruins, and the Piræus, no longer disturbed by the Athenian war gally, be engaging our thoughts in England 2,225 years after Plato first started them. Indeed, an attentive reader of Plato's works, would be much struck to find all the theories, both practical and impractical, which have been given to the world as original during the last century, written of at length, and in most cases much better argued, than they have been by his imitators.

There has been a great deal said of the damaging theories started in France, leading to the Revolution in 1794. What were these writings, but rechauffés of Platonic and other Philosophies—such were the Rights of Man theories—and the communistic theories of our own day, with their cry for liberty, equality, fraternity, are by no means new, but may be found in the Republic of Plato. Again in these days we hear much of free love; this also is argued at length in the very chapter on which we are engaged. There is in Plato much that is bad, much that is good, and left to us is the work of separating the bad from the good, and obtaining after casting away all the husk, the pure healthful corn. It would much surprise and perhaps greatly grieve Plato to see the attempted realizations of his ideal Republic; he would see many of his theories utter failures; many excellent ones as yet only in their early development, and all spoiled by man's failings. What master minds had such men as these, who thought out

problems which now, when the roads for investigation and thought are so much opened, and when the world has grown for more than two thousand years, engage our thoughts, and are work for our lives.

The theories in Plato relating to women in a political sphere, are as like the views held now as possible, so that perhaps no clearer definition of what the Woman's Movement really is, could be found than in Book V. chapters iii. to vi. of Plato's Republic.

It commences by settling some points of necessity to the argument, "setting forth first the question whether any one, either in joke or earnest, can doubt if the human nature in the female can in all cases share with the male, or in no case share at all, or in some cases, but not in others; and this too, with reference to what concerns war? Would not the man who thus sets out also probably conclude? the answer to this is, 'certainly;' and then the question is put whether they will argue against themselves about these things, in order that the opposite side may not, if attacked, be destitute of defence?"

This is agreed, and the discussion proceeds, all agreeing first that each individual (in the world) ought to practice one business, according to his particular talent, "allowing that the nature of a woman differs from that of a man, and that it is right to allot to each a different work, according to the nature of each, and as we have acknowledged that different natures ought to study different things, and that the natures of a woman and a man are different; how is this? there is an apparent contradiction, because we have very boldly and disputatiously asserted that unless persons' natures are the same, they ought not to have the same employments, though we have not at all enquired the sort of difference and identity of the nature (here referred to), and with reference to which we defined them, when we ascribed different pursuits to different natures, and to the same natures the same pursuits." Following such close reasoning as this, he thus sketches out the duty of man and woman in the world—"Men who have been born and educated as described in preceding chapters,

cannot, in my opinion, otherwise rightly acquire and employ their wives and children, than by following the same track; for we surely undertook in our argument to represent men as the guardians of a flock. Yes.

Let us proceed then to give the children a corresponding birth and education, and let us consider whether it be proper for us or not. How, replied he? Thus: Are we to reckon it proper for the females among our guardian dogs to watch and hunt, and do everything else in common with the males; or rather to manage domestic affairs within doors, as being disabled from other exercises, on account of bearing and nursing the whelps, while the males are to labour and take the entire charge of the flocks? All in common, said he; except that we employ the females as the weaker, and males as the stronger."

Then the question is put, whether it is possible to employ an animal for the same purpose with another, without giving it the same nurture and education? This being answered in the affirmative. "If therefore we are to employ the women for the same purposes as the men, must we not give them also the same kind of instruction? Yes. Are not both music and gymnastics bestowed on males? Yes.

To the Women too, then must we impart these two arts, and those likewise that refer to war; and we must employ them in the same manner. Perhaps however, it is probable from what you say, many things concerning what we are now speaking, may appear ridiculous because contrary to custom,—if they shall be practised in the way now mentioned. Quite so, replied he. But which of them, do you conceive to be the most ridiculous? Would it not clearly be to behold the women in the palæstra wrestling with the men, and not only the young women, but even those more advanced in years, just like the old men in the wrestling-school, who are still fond of the exercises, though wrinkled and not at all comely to the eye? Aye, by Zeus, it would appear truly ridiculous, as present *fashions go.*"

The argument then goes on to say how it would be well to

beg men not to be the slaves of prejudice, but to think seriously, and remember that not long ago, the Greeks made a jest, through prejudice and custom, of men taking part in the exercises, when they were first instituted by the Cretons and Lacedæmonians: and goes on to show that the man is a fool who deems anything ridiculous except what is bad, and tries to run down as ridiculous any other idea but that of the foolish and vicious, or employs himself seriously with any other end in view, but that of the good. It would be well for many who treat thus all innovations, and amongst others those relating to women, to read these chapters, which in so perfect a manner rebuke so many of the errors of the present day.

We will take up the argument in Chapter V., which referring to the arguments in Chapter III. and IV., which we gave first, in which we settled that every one, according to his nature, ought to study and practice one business, and that different natures ought to study different things, according to the sort of difference and identity of the nature, and with reference to which we defined them when we ascribed different pursuits to different natures, and to the same natures the same pursuits, commences—"As regards the natures of men and women, if they appear different, with respect to any art or other employment, we are supposed to assign to each separately his proper employment: but if it appears to differ only in this,—namely, that the female bears children, and the male begets them,—we must not say that it has at all yet been proved that a man differs from a woman, in the sense of which we are speaking, and we must still think that both our guardians and their wives may pursue the same employments," and he then proceeds to state that in all things universally the talent of the one is superior to that of the other;—yet many women are superior in many respects to many men: though on the whole it is as has been said. "There is no function then, among the entire members of our state that is peculiar to woman, considered as such, nor to man, considered as such; but natural talents are indiscriminately diffused through both, and the woman naturally

shares in all offices the same as the man, though in all cases the woman is weaker than the man," and then he goes on to query whether it would be well to commit all state concerns to the man, and none to the woman, and arrives at the conclusion that such an organization would not do, for is it not true that one woman is fitted for being a physician and another not so,—one is musical, another by nature unmusical, and is not one fitted for gymnastics and warlike—another not fitted for either, and is not one a lover of philosophy and another averse to it, and one high-spirited and another timid? And is not one woman naturally suited for being a guardian and another not so;—and have we not made choice of such a talent as this for our guardian men?

The nature then of the woman and of the man, as respects the guardianship of the state, is the same,—only that the one is weaker, the other stronger." Having come to this conclusion, Plato sketches out the organization that would be necessary. "Women such as these then are to be chosen to dwell with such men and be their fellow-guardians, inasmuch as they are naturally suited for them, and of kindred talents, and must not the same employment be assigned to the same natures? Having thus established the theory that it is not contrary to nature to allot to the wives of guardians, the study both of music and gymnastics, he goes on to argue that in order that a woman may become a suitable guardian, she must be educated to the same extent as man, as the women have received the same natural genius as men, and states that there is nothing better in a state than that both women and men be rendered the very best, and that this is effected by education, which in Plato's days consisted of music and gymnastics.

The argument then concludes with, "Then the wives of our guardians must bear a part in war, and all other guardianships of the state, and do nothing else;—but of these special services the lightest part is to be allotted to the women rather than the men, on account of the weakness of their sex:—and the man who laughs at women, while going through their exercises with a view to the best

objects, reaps the unripe fruit of a ridiculous wisdom, and seems not rightly to know at what he laughs or why he does it—*ἀτελῆ ροφιας δρεπων καρπον.**—For that ever was, and ever will be deemed a noble saying, that the profitable is beautiful, and the hurtful base."

Thus ends the chapter which terminates this argument, and when we come to compare Plato's arguments with the arguments used by the advocates of women's progress, we are struck by the almost exact similarity. Plato argues that women ought to be fellow-guardians of the state, and that in order to be efficient guardians, they ought to be educated in the requirements which are necessary for a guardian of the state—they being in Plato's day music, gymnastics, and the art of war. In these days, it is sought to obtain the parliamentary suffrage, which is indirectly the equivalent to being guardians, and we seek to extend every educational advantage for women, educating them to the highest extent possible, and thus render them fit to take a part in the affairs of their country. Truly according to the then lights, the programme, both educational and political, exactly coincides with our own, and so 2224 years after Plato first sketched woman's position in his model republic, we are about to follow out his plan. In carrying out the essence of this, may we avoid the errors into which the spirit of the times led its philosopher.

RICHARD KING.

* See Herodotus, Clio ch. 8—*ἅμα δὲ χιτῶνι ἐκδυομενῳ συνεκδυεται και την αιδωγυνη.*

HISTORICAL.—It may interest some to know that it was not till the year 1514 that women were permitted to come to court in France. Anne of Brittany, widow of Charles VIII. and wife to his successor Louis XII., used her influence to alter the custom, and was the first who formed the "Court" in the modern acceptation of the word. This excellent Queen took great pains in forming the character of the young ladies thus brought under her notice.

AUNTIE'S STORY.

By Nellie Fortescue Harrison.

Chapter I.

"WHAT! all alone, auntie, dear?" exclaimed Beatrice Willoughby, as she opened the boudoir door one dreary afternoon in January, and found her aunt sitting before the fire, sadly gazing into the glowing embers.

Aunt Mabel looked up and smiled sweetly at the bright young face before her.

"Yes, love," she answered, "I have been here all alone for the last hour; I read until it was too dark to see, and since then I have been thinking and living the past over again."

"I am afraid your thoughts were not very pleasant ones to judge from your face," Beatrice remarked, as she seated herself close to her aunt.

"Perhaps not on the whole," was aunt Mabel's answer.

"Few people can look back into the past, and remember all its joys and sorrows, and alas! too often follies, without becoming sad."

"Tell me about when you were young," Beatrice said in a coaxing voice.

"Papa once said it was entirely your own fault that you were never married, and ever since I have longed to know why."

"I think the same could be said of most unmarried women," was the reply, for it seems to me that to every woman there comes once in her lifetime one, in comparison with whom all other men are but as shadows to a substance; but unfortunately in many instances the meeting of two kindred spirits is productive only of trouble and pain."

And aunt Mabel sighed deeply as she spoke.

"And it was so with you?" said Beatrice.

"Tell me about it, auntie darling; sometimes speaking about things makes them easier to bear."

Aunt Mabel was silent for a minute, and then answered, "Perhaps you are right, child. Since you wish it, I will tell you the story of my girlhood, only first draw your chair close to mine, and let me hold your hand—so—firmly between my two."

And thus in the dim twilight the woman, in whose life love had no farther part to play, told in sweet sad accents the tale of her youth, whilst the young girl, to whom as yet love was but a name—a dream—listened in sympathizing silence.

"No doubt," said aunt Mabel, "you have often heard your father speak of a time when he, your two uncles, and I all lived with your grandpapa in a house at Richmond.

Ah! what dear old days those were. I was a young girl then, younger than you, and I was as happy as the day was long. The fact of my being the only girl, and my mother having died at my birth, made me a great pet with my father and brothers.

I was allowed to do whatever I liked, and in consequence grew up headstrong and wilful. No governess would remain with me for long, for I was a difficult child to manage. At last my father vexed at the constant complaints against me, sent the governess who was then with me away, and finished my education himself.

When I was about seventeen, a Mr. Mainwaring, a friend of my father's, came to live in the house next to us. The gardens of both houses ran down to the river, and only a low wooden fence divided our grounds from our neighbour's.

Mr. Mainwaring was a very handsome man of about forty years of age, and was reported to be very rich. He had been nearly all over the world, and used to tell us long stories about his travels. He was constantly with us, and always treated me with great tenderness and respect, but that he loved me never entered my head, for I was young and childish for my years.

One day, however, when we were sitting alone in our boat, gently floating down the river, he told me of his love, and asked me to become his wife.

I remember my astonishment was great, but notwithstanding my surprise and bewilderment, I said "No," and remained firm. In vain he implored me to think over what he had said, and give him a final answer another day. I continued to assert that I did not, and never could love him, and begged him never to speak to me on the subject again. He promised me he would not, and helped me tenderly out of the boat at the bottom of our garden, and stood watching me as I walked up the path, until a bend hid me from his gaze. I was very unhappy that night and could not sleep.

Sometimes I almost fancied I did love him, but whenever I thought of myself as his wife I shuddered, and knew it was only pity I felt for him.

The next morning my father called me into his library, and after carefully closing the door, said—

"Mabel, can this be true that I hear you have refused Mr. Mainwaring." His voice was so sharp and angry that I was frightened, but I managed to say in a low tone, that I could not marry Mr. Mainwaring, for I did not love him. My father laughed, but not as though he were amused.

"Nonsense child! What should you know about love. You must marry him, you will never have such a chance again, I can tell you."

"But papa," I said, "I do not love him, I cannot love him, please do not force me to become his wife." And then I burst out crying, and hid my face in my hands.

"I shall not force you to do anything," my father answered, "I only want you to think the matter over, and tell me 'yes' or 'no,' this day month."

And then he walked out of the room and left me alone. That evening when I was sitting by myself in the garden, feeling very unhappy, Hugh Mainwaring walked up the path, and sat down near me. It was a lovely evening, warm and mild.

"Your father tells me you have promised to think the whole thing over," he said in his low musical voice. "Ah! dear, why can't you love me a little in return for my great re?"

"I do like you," I said slowly, "But love is a different thing." He smiled slightly.

"Yes, I know it is, but don't you think you could learn to love me in time. I would try and make your life so happy. Then too I am rich, so you would be able to enjoy every comfort."

"That is not what I meant," I answered impatiently, drawing my hand away from his. "I should be quite content with a cottage, if I could have the man I loved."

"And who is the man you love?" he demanded anxiously.

I blushed as I answered, "I don't love any one yet, but I know I shall some day; the feeling I have for you is not what I have always fancied love to be."

"Then if you don't really love any one else, won't you try and love me?" he asked. And I being weak and he strong, it ended in my promising one day to be his wife. My father was of course delighted. My brothers at first teazed me. about marrying a man old enough to be my father, but after a time they ceased to interest themselves about my affairs. That was a very curious time of my life, I did not love Hugh, and yet he interested me greatly. There was a fascination about him which I could not withstand. His manner with me was so gentle and courteous, and I could not help feeling honoured by his love.

And thus several months passed away. Whenever he tried to fix a day for our marriage, I managed some how or other to coax him out of the idea.

One day late in autumn, I was sitting wrapped up in a shawl reading. I remember as though it were only yesterday, how calm and quiet everything was. The trees now leafless stood out against the clear blue sky. The river brown and turbid rushed by at my feet, making a pleasant sound on my ears. I was deep in a book of travels, when the sound of footsteps in the next garden disturbed me.

"I am sure you will like her," I heard Hugh say.

And then an unknown voice answered, "Oh! I think I am pretty sure to, if she is all you describe." And the next minute Hugh and his companion stepped over the low fence and stood at my side.

I looked up with an inward conviction that I and my merits had been the subject of their conversation, and as I did so, I met the eyes of the stranger, and was startled by the admiration expressed in their gaze.

"This is your future aunt, Victor," Hugh said with a laugh, as he seated himself by my side, and then I knew that this was his nephew, Victor, of whom I had often heard him speak.

I shall never forget that day. Victor's presence acted upon me, in the same way as the sun does upon a landscape. All nature seemed lovelier since he came upon the scene, and I said low in my heart, that there was such a thing as perfect happiness in the world after all.

It grew cold after a while, and then Hugh bade me rise and go in. I asked him to come in and see my father, but he would not, though Victor looked at him most imploringly; so I shook hands with them both, and walked towards the house. I had not gone far when I heard footsteps behind me, and presently two arms were placed round me from behind. "Oh! Hugh, how you frightened me," I said pettishly, drawing myself away. Somehow, for one moment, I seemed to hate him.

"Don't be cross, darling," he answered, smiling down upon me, "I only came for one kiss." And he bent his head until his lips touched mine, and then without a word he left me. That kiss seemed to burn me. I had often laughed at Love at first sight, was I now to fall a victim to it? How dare I, the promised wife of one man, own even to myself that I loved another. I was angry with myself and all the world. Meanwhile, time passed, and every day I spent several hours in Victor's society. It was a dreadful time for both of us, for he returned my love, as I soon discovered. Victor was in the army, and his regiment was shortly to leave for India. Mr. Mainwaring was his only relative, and so he spent his last days in old England under his roof.

I used to console myself with the idea that this misery was only for a time. Victor once in India, I strove to believe that my old feelings for Hugh would return. And so it

was with mingled pain and pleasure, that I hailed the arrival of his last evening. Hugh and Victor both dined with us, and afterwards Hugh sat down to the piano and began playing.

Do play us something out of the "Messiah," I said, as I stood at the open window, looking out into the garden, and the river flowing beyond.

"Will this do?" asked Hugh, and the next moment, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," came wailing through the room.

"What a lovely night," said Victor, as he came and stood beside me. "Do you think if you put on a shawl, a stroll in the garden would hurt you?"

Without a word I quitted the room, threw a warm shawl round me, and stepped out on to the gravel path. Victor followed me, and together we strolled down to the river. The sounds of music came softly through the open window. I never hear that air now without thinking of that particular night. At last we stood where we had first met.

"Let us say good bye here," Victor said. "I don't think I can face the rest of your family again to night, so shall go home over the fence."

Without a word, I held out both hands to him. He took them within both of his, and drew me gently towards him, until my head rested on his shoulder, and I felt his passionate kisses raining fast upon my face.

"My darling, my own sweet darling," he murmured.

"How dare you," I cried, starting away from his encircling arms. "You seem to forget I am engaged to your Uncle."

"But you don't love him," he said quickly. "And you can't deny your love for me. My darling, say you will be mine, my uncle is not a man to marry an unwilling wife."

But I shook my head. "I have promised Hugh to marry him, and I mean to keep my word," I said, firmly.

"And break my heart?" he demanded, passionately.

"And is not mine breaking too," I asked. "You know it is—*you know I* love you—but I will never marry you. Go

now, I cannot bear this much longer. Once parted from you, I may perhaps forget you,"

"You will never forget me," he cried, eagerly. "You are mine at heart, no matter who has your hand; but since you say 'go,' I will go."

And then he took me once more in his arms and gazed down into my face, with all his love shining in his dear eyes.

"Just say once, 'Victor, I love you, and always shall love you,'." he said, pleadingly.

"No; I won't," I said. "And you ought not to ask me to say it."

"It is the last time perhaps I shall ever see you," he said. "And it is the first thing I have ever asked you to do."

And then I said it. "Good-bye," he said, hoarsely, and with one more embrace, he left me.

When I returned to the house, I found my father and three brothers quietly smoking. "Where is Hugh," I asked.

"Oh! he left ages ago. He said he would find you in the garden, and say good bye," was the answer.

I turned to the window to hide my blushes. What if Hugh should have heard Victor and me talking?

I received a short note from him the next morning, in which he stated he was accompanying Victor to London, and should stay with him to the last. That was all, and I strove to believe that he knew and suspected nothing of my great love for Victor. Hugh was a week absent, and when he returned, I was startled to perceive how worn and ill he looked.

"Why, Hugh, what is the matter?" I asked anxiously.

But he only laughed, and declared there was nothing amiss with him.

He was kinder to me than ever, but still I was not easy. I felt he was hiding something from me, and one day taxed him with it.

"Come out for a walk, and I will tell you all," he said very quietly. And I went. Then he told me how he was *aware of my love* for Victor.

"*I never dreamt* of such a thing," he said sadly. "Until

I overheard your conversation down by the river that last night, God knows child, it was a hard trial to me, just when I had began to think you did love me a little. But I am glad, dear, I heard the truth in time to set you free. As long as your heart was your own, I saw no harm in striving to win your love, but now it is all different, and I give you back the freedom for which you crave."

"O Hugh, Hugh!" I cried. I did try to love you; I do love you in a way, only not as I love Victor. Let me still be your wife—I will be so true and faithful."

But he shook his head, "No dear!" he replied. "I see now the whole thing has been one great mistake from the beginning. If you marry any one it must be Victor. I shall write and tell him I have released you from your engagement."

And I—I did not know whether I was glad or sorry. We could not write to Victor until he first wrote to us. But as soon as his letter, telling of his safe arrival, reached us, Hugh answered it, telling him I was free.

How eagerly I counted the days until the mail should bring an answer to that letter. At last it came; but not from Victor. One of his brother officers wrote to Hugh, to tell him how his nephew had died suddenly of fever; he had passed away from care and trouble before Hugh's letter, containing the precious news of my freedom had reached him, and was now in that better land, whose inhabitants "neither marry, nor are given in marriage."

I was very ill after that for a long, long time. I believe at one time the doctors despaired of my life, but my time had not yet come, and weak and weary, I prepared once more to carry my cross. I was a different girl now to what I had been previous to my passing through the furnace. That furnace of affliction through which indeed we all have to pass, in order that the pure gold in our different characters may shine more brightly, its lustre undimmed by encircling dross. I learnt now, for the first time, there is something in this world better than mere happiness. I would try to forget the past with all its joys and sorrows, and commence afresh.

I would learn to subdue my temper, and live for others rather than for myself. One day, when I was nearly well again, I found courage to enquire after Hugh.

My father sighed.

"He was here until you were pronounced out of danger, and then he departed for America."

"For America," I said.

"And when does he return?"

"I don't think he ever means to return to England," my father answered sadly.

"He has gone to make a home with his cousin out there."

And thus the two men who had both so tenderly loved me, were alike lost to me for evermore.

I lived with my father until he died, and then your father offered me a home, which I was only too thankful to accept. You must not think I am unhappy. Life has still very many pleasures left for me. But now I will ring for lights, for in the words of the old rhyme, "Now my story's done."

THE BALLAD OF IDA GREY.

(A Story of Woman's Sacrifice.)

Part I.

THE nightingale sang tenderly,
In the gentle evening breeze,
As a knight and maiden saunter'd
(Arm-in-arm) beneath the trees.
She was clad in samite snowy;
He, in dazzling armour bright,
And their voices murmur'd softly
In the shadow of the night.
"Ida Grey" (the man quoth sadly)
"Thou whose heart is link'd with mine,
"And who lov'st, with such a fondness,
"This too hasty knight of thine;

"Thy pure soul will shrink in horror,
"Thy young love will change to hate,
"When thou hearest the dread story
"Which I will to thee relate.
"Thou know'st well my kinsman Siegfried,
"In the glory of youth's prime,
"That to-morrow he will suffer
"For a foul and bloody crime;—
"That with sounds of shame and horror
"The indignant nations ring;—
"Ida, Ida, he is bloodless,
"*It was I that slew the king!*
"In a moment of mad passion,
"When my brain with wine was hot,
"He had mocked me, and I slew him,
"Aye, I slew him on the spot!
"Then, in guilty, guilty terror,
"From the palace-hall I fled;
"And I left him (noble Siegfried!)
"To support the blame instead.
"Ida Grey! my life's at peril,
"Death may come,—and with death hell!
"And now, ere I fly my country,
"I have come to bid 'farewell.'"
When the knight had finish'd speaking,
There was silence for a space;
Then, retreating further from him,
She look'd up into his face.
Seem'd her voice like rolling thunder,
Burnt her eye with angry flame:
"I renounce thee now for ever!
"Go! weak heart, *confess* thy shame."
Heaved her bosom with emotion,
Stood a tear within her eye;
Then, in mournful tones, she added,
"But thou art not fit to die!
"Thou, so wicked and so bloodstain'd;
"Death is only for the good.
"Lo! to shrive thee, will I give thee,
"Knight! mine own chaste maidenhood!"

AMY LEVY.

(To be continued.)

DRESS.

THE extravagance in dress has long been treated in a semi-joking manner, but is now assuming so serious an aspect, as to menace the destruction of married life, and has become so absurd and luxurious as to demand earnest attention. Twenty or thirty years ago, a woman moving in society, if she did care for dress, did not make it her constant occupation, and moreover, there was not the opportunity for heedless expenditure, there is now, for fashions did not vary from month to month. It is only in these days that the evil has become so dangerous to our social happiness, and so universal. There is a rage for eccentricity, extravagance, and change in dress quite apart from any intrinsic beauty—a dress is a pretty one, only, if it cost, say fifty guineas; this is indeed madness, this absurd luxury, which consists in continually changing the stuff, the patterns of the clothes worn, and how unworthy of the dignity of woman is this, for it is patent on the surface that the extravagance is suggested by the wish to attract men's eyes, to be remarked and admired, and above all to succeed in exciting the envy or jealousy of others. Now this defeats itself, for it is evident, that marriage is the goal, to arrive at which, all these follies are perpetrated, and men do not care, or may be, cannot support wives who are so extravagant, and so, do not marry. So says statistics, and so it will continue, if women do not hasten to redress the evil. The following is a quotation from an excellent little book, published by Mr. Bentley, *entitled, An Appeal to Young Christian Women*, by Maria *Gentelles*; "Again, what folly it is by our extravagance in *dress to place* ourselves continually in a false position; to be

reduced to a thousand little devices to escape from financial embarrassment into which our love of dress has plunged us.

"One day we tell a lie.

"'How much did that gown cost?' exclaims a husband who begins to be a little frightened at the magnificence of his young wife.

"'Two hundred francs' she answers without hesitation, although she knows very well it will take double or treble that sum to pay for it.

"And when the inevitable moment comes when these formidable bills must be paid, what trouble we are in to procure the thousand and odd graces, which their few yards of tulle and now faded silk have cost! How humiliating to our self-respect and to the dignity of womanhood, when we have to beseech our dress-makers to allow us credit; when we are compelled to own to our shop-keeper that we have not got enough money to pay the debt our folly has incurred."

MADAME DE ST. H—B.

Paris, December.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Hope Meredith. By the Author of "St. Olave's," "Janitas Cross," "The Blue Ribbon," etc. (Hurst and Blackett.)

WE are very grieved to find on reading this, the Author of "St. Olave's" last novel, that she is suffering from a severe attack of Braddonitis. This disease, until lately almost unknown, is very infectious: the literary physician has not yet been able to make a thorough diagnosis, with a view to cure. The only method of preventing infection, is to use the *element fire.* Prudent parents wishing to prevent their

children, especially their young daughters from suffering by contact with this disease, have taken various preventive measures, but none have proved perfectly successful. With such an emporium as Mudie's with its innumerable branches, what can we do? Alas, we cannot form a deputation, and go up to the Local Government Board, yet Hampstead did so lately, and really the cases are very much alike,—in the one case there is an emporium for an infectious disease designated Braddonitis, in the other case, there is a hospital for Typhoid cases. As fast as cases of Braddonitis appear instantly cremate them, thus the requirements of both author and public will be met, for the author can have an urn containing the ashes of one copy of every work issued, and having a plate on which can be inscribed their various titles, while the public are preserved from a great danger, and one which even "Condy" is powerless against. Of course there would have to be an efficient staff of examining officers appointed to investigate and duly report to the Department to which this branch is deputed, any case which should come under their notice. Or perhaps we can regard Miss Braddon as manufacturer of articles, which are a nuisance, but even here our hopes are scattered to the winds, for on asking for opinion of a learned barrister, we are shown in glaring letters certain cases of steam-whistle nuisances, which would inevitably ruin our cause. No, the only remedy that occurs to us at present is—

CREMATION.

It is really very painful to see so sound a novelist as the author of St. Olave's, suffering from this complaint—in case unsuspicious victims may get Hope Meredith, relying on the author's good name, and may mistrust our bulletin, we quote passages to prove the case. The nominal heroine, Hope Meredith, is but secondary throughout a great part of the book, Miss Madeline Lauderdale being the pivot on which everything works, "She is of the grand old Lauderdale family," very proud, too proud "to disgrace her fair name." The family come to grief, some forgery in which one Jetsam

is mixed up, ruins them. Nunthorpe Chase, their seat, is vacated, and Madeline and her aunt, a very grundyish old lady, go to reside at a pension in Germany. Miss Madeline Lauderdale passes her time in conquering the opposite sex, and then, "When she has brought them to her feet; casts them from her with the cold words, I do not wish to marry. One a M. Gustave Nilken happens to be staying at the pension. This gentleman manœuvres skilfully, and finally one fine morning Madeline Lauderdale and Gustave Nilken are secretly married at a little church hard by. Nilken then goes off to Homburg to arrange, he says, some business. Weeks pass, and he never comes back. Ultimately, Gustave Nilken turns out to be no other than Jetsam the bank forger, and is sentenced to penal servitude for a period of years. Of course he gets a ticket of leave and comes home and makes himself a little troublesome to his wife. The clandestine marriage is kept secret, and Madeline passes an odd wretched life, determined to die an honoured Lauderdale, this, however, does not prevent her committing a gross and malicious felony, and finally dies miserably, struck by lightning. Having thus sketched out the story, we append one quotation which exhibits Braddonitis in a very severe form.

Vol. II. page 14, appears the following paroxism. "There was almost a wild light in her eyes. The little fingers holding her fan clutched it until every fibre and muscle in them seemed strained, and the parted red lips showed the teeth clenched like those of one in mortal agony."

V. P.

Lost for Love. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." London: Chatto and Windus.

LOST for Love is in a great measure a rechauffé of Lucius Davoren, and as is often the case, is an improvement on the original.

In a back number of "The Pelican" we reviewed "Taken at the Flood," by the same talented authoress, and pointed

out the utter disregard, for the intellectual powers of either her heroes or heroines, describing girls in much the same manner as horses run for the Derby of Life, their sole aim and purpose to captivate by their charms (how we detest the word) some member of the other sex, and if possible carry off a prize; indeed we might tabulate the prizes in their order as follows.

Gold cup, a noble lord, having an income of £30,000 per annum.

Silver cup, a landed gentleman, having a seat in the Senate, income of £5000 per annum.

Third, fourth, and fifth prizes averaging from three, two, and one thousand per annum, and so on.

However, in this her latest novel, Miss Braddon has partially advanced to the spirit of the coming age, for although the nominal heroine, Flora Chamney, rather appertains to the vapid "profile women" class, yet in Louisa Gurner we have portrayed a noble woman of the poorer classes, who struggles through her "degradation of poverty," and reveals the innate grandeur of her nature. We have also in Mrs. Olivant, Dr. Olivant's mother, a woman who studies the "last scientific works, in order to make herself a suitable companion to her son." In "Lost for Love" there is the usual amount of misunderstandings and a supposed murder, or perhaps we ought to say a murderine, managed in a manner patent to our authoress, and concerning which every one seems to act in the most *natural* way possible. A general reconciliation between all, including the murdered man, concludes "Lost for Love."

V. P.

DODGES.

Hiccough—A sign of Death: in Cholera, a sign of Life. *If in doubt,* ask the Doctor.

QUARTERLY SUMMARY OF PROGRESS
IN EDUCATION, POLITICS, ART, AND LITERATURE.

THE BILL FOR THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.—Mr. Forsyth, Q.C., has withdrawn the clause relating to married women. Large numbers have signed the "Petition" both in London and the Counties, and it is stated that there have been more petitions presented for the Women's Enfranchisement Bill than for any other.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, 43, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.—The Annual Exhibition of Students' Works, executed within the previous twelve months, was held at Queen's Square, on the last two days in October, 1874. The Exhibition was most successful, and was visited by nearly 1000 persons.

From the Report which we have before us, we find that the School continues in a satisfactory condition and position. The number of Students on the books at the close of the Summer Session was 194, being the highest number yet attained. For April, 1873, 1430 Drawings and Models were sent to South Kensington from this School, being the works of 123 Students.

One of the principal premiums (of £30) awarded by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education to the Head Masters and Mistresses of Schools of Art, has been adjudged to Miss Gann.

QUEBEC INSTITUTE.—The first Annual Meeting of this valuable Institute was held on the 24th of November last. Lord Lyttelton presided, and Mr. Walters, M.P., delivered an inaugural address. The Prizes and Certificates obtained by the successful Students were distributed by the noble President. Miss Emily Faithfull was present, and in proposing

a vote of thanks, remarked that she was astonished that only one representative of her sex should have come up for a prize. At the close of the distribution the members and visitors went through the rooms where various interesting objects and works of art were exhibited. In the upper rooms were some excellent paintings by Miss Weeks, and an interesting chemical display. In the lower rooms there was an exhibition of paintings on china and wood; also a valuable anthropological collection of rare skulls and accompanying drawings, especially the photograph of a flat head skull, in the possession of Dr. King, the ethnologist and polar traveller, with diagrams explanatory of the process of flattening the cranium. Messrs. Ross, of Wigmore Street, exhibited a magnificent collection of microscopes. This Institute seems to be likely to become the head centre of the district north of Oxford Street. The Liberal Association has had for some time their offices there; and lately the Victoria Discussion Society have held their meetings in the Hall. The subscription is small—the advantages many—and the only advice we should wish to give is—join it.

THE College for men and women in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, commenced the first session 1874—75 with a meeting of teachers, students, and others interested in Education, held at St. George's Hall, Langham Place. The list of occasional lecturers and examiners comprise, The Dean of Westminster, Sir John Lubbock, M.P., Professor Clifford, Professor Colvin, Mr. Humphry Sandwich, C.B., Mr. W. Spottiswoode, F.R.S., Professor Morley, Mr. C. Newton, Mr. F. J. Furnivall.

LITERATURE.

MISS COBB published in October a series of essays, on "*The Hopes* of the Human Race."

Miss Jean Ingelow has written a new story for "Good *Words*" *for* 1875. The title is "Fated to be Free."

Miss Cusack, author of "Woman's Work in Modern Society," will very shortly publish a "History of the County of Cork."

Miss Anna Blackwell, who wrote about two years ago a pamphlet on "Spiritism (not Spiritualism)," will publish early this year the first two volumes of the translation of the works of "Allan Kardec."

An autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher has been compiled and arranged by her daughter, Lady Richardson, the widow of the Arctic explorer.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett published in November last, "The Italians," by Mrs. Francis Elliot, the author of "The Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy," and "Our Detachment," by Miss Katherine King.

The "Athenæum" of January the 2nd records the death of Mrs. Trafford Whitehead, who contributed a series of poems to the Manchester press, under the *nom de plume* of "A Manchester Lady." The deceased lady also wrote a novel, entitled "The Grahams of Bessbridge House."

Mrs. Fawcett is about to make her debut as a novelist. Her book will be published by Messrs. Smith and Elder.

"John Dorrien," from the pen of Miss Julia Kavanagh is now ready; also the "Lady Superior," by Miss E. F. Pollard. Both these novels are published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

Miss C. M. Young will write the "History of France, Primer," for Messrs. Macmillan.

In Dr. E. H. Clarke's last work, entitled, "Building of the Brain," he states that "the best possible brain is as much a necessity for one sex as for the other. Indeed, such is the divine alliance between the sexes that it is impossible to produce the best possible brain for one sex unless you produce the best possible brain for the other also. . . . . It is the duty of our system of education to evolve such brains." Dr. Clarke avers, that from fourteen to nineteen the utmost attention should be paid to girls' physical culture, after which should come the severe mental training, and *further maintains* the necessity of Female Physicians, and

speaking of the capacity of women for highest education, asseverates that he has no doubt, and quotes many authorities to substantiate his belief. Mr. Eben S. Stearns, who has been known for more than a quarter of a century as an able, intelligent, and successful teacher of girls, and whose testimony is of corresponding value, states that as an educator he does not recognise the least inferiority in the female sex to males of the same age and advantages. "In patience, power of endurance, courage, mental activity, and success in the acquisition and application of knowledge, few, if any, of the other sex can be found to surpass them. . . . . In determining what her education shall be, I would have woman speak for herself if she will. Let her study herself, know herself thoroughly, and then say what is best for her, and what will make her that she desires and is entitled to—the equal of man."

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

MISS E. A. MANNING read her paper on the Kinder Garten System of Education. Miss Carpenter drew a large audience in the Repression of Crime Department; the debate was on the Industrial School Acts. Miss Dorothea Bell read a paper on University Education for girls. Mrs. E. M. King, Mrs. Crayshay, Miss Rose Adams, read respectively papers on Domestic Economy, based upon scientific principles, and on the capacity of ladies to become domestic servants, this latter paper being based on a trial of the system at Merthyr Tydvil, and the last on the working of the Ladies' Sanitary Association.

THE SOCIETIES.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

December 9th.—H. Syer Cuming, Esq., V.P., in the Chair, *Mr. Cuming* exhibited some valuable objects of Archæological *interest from* Mrs. Bailey's collection.

Archæological Institute.

December 4th.—Mr. O. Morgan, M.P., in the Chair, Mrs. Kerr exhibited photographs of an Etruscan Tomb, lately discovered at Avieto, and of bodies lately found at Pompeii.

Royal Institute.

December 7th.—Admiral Sir H. J. Codrington, K.C.B., V.P., in the Chair, The Hon. Mrs. F. W. Buxton elected member.

Archæological Institute.

November 6th, Sir S. D. Scott, Bart., V.P., in the chair. Mrs. J. Gwill exhibited five Roman and other lamps, on one of which were letters in the Greek character, and a small glass bottle of the Roman period.

Entomological.

November 2nd, Sir S. S. Saunders in the chair. Mr. Darwin communicated some remarks by Mrs. Barber, of Griqualand, South Africa, on the Larva of "Papilio Miræus," and especially with regard to the colour of the Pupa in connexion with the objects on which it was placed, it appearing to assume a protective resemblance to the leaves or other adjacent objects. A discussion took place as to whether, as suggested by Mrs. Barber, some photographic influences might be at work; but Mr. Meldola stated that no known substance retained permanently the colour reflected on it by adjacent objects, but that there was no difficulty in believing that Laroæ might become affected in colour by the colouring matter of the food plant, since chlorophyll, in an unaltered condition, had been found in the tissues of green laroæ.

Cambridge Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women.

This Association which was formed in January, 1870, has steadily progressed. We call especial attention to the fact that Women* may now attend the Public Lectures of the University Professors, who are Honorary Members of this Association, as well as the Lectures given especially for the Association.

We believe that it is not generally known that Women may attend gratis, a large proportion of the Lectures given by the University Professors.

By the Prospectus we see that a fund has been formed for the purpose of assisting persons (especially those engaged in or preparing for the profession of education) who may be desirous to come to Cambridge in order to attend these Lectures, but unable to do so from want of means.

Any person wishing to obtain assistance from this fund is requested to communicate with Mrs. Bateson, St. John's Lodge.

Hastings and St. Leonards' Collegiate School.

A Class for Young Children on the "Kinder Garten" system will be commenced this next Term. Also a Class for the study of Harmony, conducted by a member of the Conservatoire de Paris. Arrangements have also been made with several Professors with a view to ensure the progress of the pupils.

The fees in the Senior Department have been reduced to a Guinea.

We are happy to be able to state that this the first year has been very fairly successful.

* This privilege, in the case of many of these lectures, has been long *enjoyed* by customary indulgence. It has now been formally granted by *twenty-three* Professors, subject to such regulations, if any, as the *University* may think fit to make in the matter.

SUBSCRIBERS for the year 1875 are requested to send in their names as early as possible.

The Editor invites communications on all subjects connected with the social and educational progress of Women.

All communications to be addressed, "The Editor," 106, Marylebone Road.

Mr. Martin, 9, Lisson Grove, will supply "The Pelican" to Subscribers, Post free, on receipt of 1s. 4d. per annum.

Every care will be taken of Manuscripts, but the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return.